Motion Picture

December

25 cents

MARLENE DIETRICH

The "MOVIE HEROES" of the World War

HOW HOLLYWOOD GETS ITS WILD REPUTATION

FIRST DOWN after the game

THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES

NOVEMBER has a history all its own. And most of it is football. Then the old grads feel like undergrads, and all the highways on a Saturday lead to the stadiums.

And Canada Dry seems to sparkle even more gaily in tune with the nip in the weather . . . to become more welcome because of the stirring times.

Certainly no celebration could be without this Champagne of Ginger Ales . . . and seem complete. For it's most of all when you're having a good time that you want Canada Dry.

Now Priced for the Thrifty

And now that the price of this fine old ginger ale is so low, it appeals to your more serious moments, too, when you stop to count your pennies. For there never was a greater value in ginger ales.

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Little sandwiches shaped like footballs to satisfy an appetite made large by an afternoon in the open air . . . olives stuffed with anchovies, pimientos, almonds, and pearl onions to help work up another appetite for dinner . . . some caviar and canapés . . . and above all, cool, sparkling glasses of Canada Dry to take the huskiness out of your throat and to refresh and exhilarate you. Make the ice cubes of frozen ginger ale, too, so you won't dilute the flavor. Let your guests help themselves.—Originated by IDA BAILEY ALLEN, *President National Radio Home Makers Club.*

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A NEW LARGE SIZE • A NEW LOW PRICE

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The YELLOW TICKET

She wore the brand of outcast as a badge of courage. Trapped by Russian intrigue, hounded by police, she fought gloriously. For love, she faced disgrace...through love, she won victory...Superb drama, superbly acted. Elissa Landi...exotic, fascinating. Lionel Barrymore... polished, sinister. Laurence Olivier...suave, romantic. A great story of elemental hate and enduring love!

WATCH FOR THESE TWO GREAT PICTURES FROM

OVER THE HILL

Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action... And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers...first time together since never-to-be-forgotten "Bad Girl." Mae Marsh...idol of the silent days, and the grandest bunch of kids you ever laughed yourself weak over!

and most of them are PARAMOUNT!

Never were they better—the Paramount Jubilee Pictures you can see now! And never was great entertainment more necessary than now. In good pictures we lose ourselves completely in the affairs of others—forget the trials and tribulations of a day—get renewed strength and vigor for the next. ¶ Go regularly and often—and take the whole family with you! It keeps you together, and great pictures, such as Paramount, give you something to talk about for days! *"If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best show in town!"*

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

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Based on the novel by Louis Bromfield
Directed by Marion Gering

•

"THE BELOVED BACHELOR"
With Paul Lukas, Dorothy Jordan, Charlie Ruggles Vivienne Osborne. *Directed by Lloyd Corrigan*

•

RUTH CHATTERTON
in "Once A Lady" *with*
Ivor Novello, Jill Esmond, Geoffrey Kerr
Directed by Guthrie McClintic

•

"TOUCHDOWN!"
With Richard Arlen, Peggy Shannon, Jack Oakie, Regis Toomey and Charles Starrett.
Directed by Norman McLeod

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y.

Motion Picture

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

DECEMBER 1931

Twentieth Year
Volume XLII, No. 5

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

$20.00 Letter

Stop Glorifying The Gangster

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—If gang pictures inspire little boys—and big ones—to sprout wings in their eagerness to become heroes like the clever detective and the big brave policeman who catch and punish the wicked, why, despite the avalanche of gang pictures with their corrective (?) influence, does crime continue rampant?

"The Other Side of the Question," in the October "Letters to the Editor," is based upon the assumption that the desire to emulate virtue is predominant in the human breast. If this were true, the problem of keeping humanity in the straight and narrow path would have been, all these past ages, a comparatively easy task. But history, alas! tells a different story.

There is something predatory in man which is instinctively drawn to the glamourous crook. The little boy finds himself secretly admiring the cunning mind that is able to contrive so many fascinating schemes for evil. Even those of us whose characters are fixed, often find ourselves enjoying the lure of these sinister influences. Though I am but a timorous female who wouldn't so much as kill a fly, I dote on gang pictures, but I *don't* approve of them *as they have been portrayed to date.* The offender is too often made so admirable, in spots, that his hold upon our sympathies is not counteracted by his criminal deeds. The evil that he does not only fails to "live after him," but frequently we gulp a tear in his behalf and long to punch a perfectly worthy judge in the jaw. This is all WRONG.

Until the gangster screen character is entirely robbed of his glamour he should be kept out of pictures and away from impressionable minds. *Anita Mackland.*

$10.00 Letter

Crime Pictures Are A Menace

CINCINNATI, OHIO—In your October issue you published a letter in which the following statement aroused my interest:

"Gangster pictures are poisoning the minds of the younger generation. Rot!"

By way of argument, I am taking the opposite of his point of view and am submitting my opinions on this subject.

Crime pictures have an effect upon the youth of today in that they show the life of a gangster as one of fascination and excitement. This is stressed entirely too much in the plot of every crime picture. The younger generation craves excitement. Therefore, is it not natural that their ideas and views of life tend to draw toward this sensational side of it, found only in the life of such a person as a gangster? Of course, the gangster comes out "at the wrong end of the horn," as the saying is, but is the youth of today impressed by that? No, not by the way it is enacted upon the screen or stage, as it is very often overdone.

In order to teach a lesson it is more necessary to explain, point out, and exhibit the right than the wrong.

The educated public is very much bored with the gangster type of picture, as well as the sex type, and is much more impressed by a good clean picture with a good plot well acted, as those played by such actors and actresses as Janet Gaynor, Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford and others.

Only by producing the right kind of pictures can the youth of today benefit. I am a young person and I know.

Elizabeth McClure.

$5.00 Letter

Praises For Mickey, Minnie And Felix

NEW BERN, N. C.—While prison riots, gangster murders, sexy situations and college yarns get all the glory, notoriety and whatnots, I, for one, am completely infatuated with those nifty talkie cartoons. Even back in the silent days, they were good, but now that mechanical genius has made it possible for Minnie Mouse to burst into a spasmodic eruption of not-so-grand opera, or mutilate a xylophone sufficiently, this kind of film leaves little to be desired. Excellent in sound, photography, timing and originality, such cartoons are receiving far more favorable comment than one would imagine offhand.

Being human, I am not immune to the devastating glances of a Dietrich, or the wistfulness of a Gaynor, but I reserve ample room in my bosom for Mickey, Minnie, Felix and the rest of the pen-and-ink celebrities that caper madly across the screen of our village opry house. *J. Gaskill McDaniel.*

We Satisfy

WASHINGTON, D. C.—To the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE comes my tribute. We follow our favorite stars across the silver screen in thrilling quests of love, romance, and adventure, but it is through the well-balanced contents of this magazine that our screen heroes and heroines come to us stripped of the glamour and artificiality of their screen rôles, to stand before us, men and women as human and as lovable as those in the more commonplace walks of life.

Its readers recognize the superior quality of its articles devoted to the screen, players and directors. There are no exaggerated scandals, nor unfair reviews of productions running through its pages. Each issue satisfies and serves the movie fan, and aids in the glorifying of the motion picture as a means of edifying entertainment for clear-thinking people.

As the screen ever moves on toward perfection, MOTION PICTURE will stand for the true interpretation of its progress.

Marie Swain.

It's Up To Us

PORT JEFFERSON, N. Y.—"The Public demands . . ." and so forth; and the Public gets what it demands. Where there is no demand there is no sale. No sane dealer stocks up with high shoes, slate pencils and red flannels while his customers (the Public) are demanding low shoes, fountain pens and silk underwear.

So, in everything, the Producer watches the demand. You and I are the Public, and do the demanding. Let's patronize the type of movie we like, then we'll get that kind.

Helen T. Smith.

Very Little Fault To Find

CHICAGO, ILL.—My praise for the movie industry overbalances my criticism of it. Why won't movie patrons realize that the producers are giving us advantages that would not otherwise be within our reach?

We travel to far-off lands.

We see and hear the world's great personages via newsreel.

We hear renowned opera stars via short subjects.

Our everyday cinema fare is replete with superb acting by truly great artists in both comedy and drama. Could we afford to see them all in stage productions?

My criticism is infinitesimal in comparison with my commendation. Why must we have a deluge of certain types of pictures? Examples: the gangster; the drawing-room; the free-love dramas? We realize that the success of one producer breeds innumerable imitations. Why not antithesis? Variety?

C'est tout. Irene Mueller.

Salaries Of The Stars

BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.—Barbara Stanwyck's scrap with Columbia culminates a studio player series of battles for more dough. Clark Gable, James Cagney, Lew Ayres and Nancy Carroll have been some who figured in these contractual squabbles recently.

This is the result of the "star" exploitation system, and a tough break for everyone. Every time a player hits, he wants an increase. And why? Same personality? Same pan?

Why should the movies break all laws of economics—why should the fan eventually have to pay with $1.50 tops, etc?

J. E.

(*Continued on page 102*)

Prizes For Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, and Five Dollars for the three best letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 150 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

His disguise was perfect—*did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him . . .?*

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

Enjoy this daringly unconventional picture which marks the screen debut of the greatest lovers on the American stage—in a picturization of their famous success—"The Guardsman". Here is a totally new thrill for the motion picture public.

Alfred LUNT

Lynn FONTANNE

famous stars of "Goat Song," "Caprice," "Elizabeth the Queen" and other stage triumphs, in

The GUARDSMAN

with

ROLAND YOUNG — ZASU PITTS

From the play by Ferenc Molnar

Screen play by Ernest Vajda

Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Idols of the American Stage, they bring their genius to the talking screen in the prize picture of the year. A new triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

By Courtesy of the Theatre Guild, Inc.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

At last...

..what women have been hoping for.. a NEW improved MAYBELLINE Eyelash Beautifier, that . . .

. . . does not smart the eyes if accidentally gotten into them . . .

. . . is perfectly tear-proof and will not run or smear . . .

. . . applies more evenly and smoothly with greater ease . . .

. . . contains beneficial oils that tend to promote the growth of the lashes and keep them soft and glossy . . .

. . . removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.

REGARDLESS of your past experience with eyelash darkeners, go to your toilet goods counter and purchase a package of the new solid form Maybelline. Absolutely harmless. You will be amazed and delighted with the results. 75¢—Black or Brown.

For 10¢ and coupon below we will send Purse Size for trial.

Maybelline
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MAYBELLINE CO., 5900-22 Ridge Ave., Chicago

10¢ enclosed. Send me a Purse Size package of the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown.

Name.....

Address.....

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Albright, Hardie—recently completed *Heartbreak*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—recently completed *Touchdown*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—latest release *Alexander Hamilton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Suicide Fleet*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *Pickup*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *Gallows*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—playing in *While Paris Sleeps*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bancroft, George—playing in *Rich Man's Folly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *The Cheat*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Barrymore, John—recently completed *The Mad Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *The Man I Killed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—latest release *The Last Flight*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *Widow's Might*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *The Champ*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *Lady With A Past*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *The Men In Her Life*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—playing in *The Greeks Had A Word For It*—United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Good Sport*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, Bill—playing in *Timber Beast*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Boyd, William—playing in *Uncertain Women*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brendel, El—recently completed *Delicious*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, Evelyn—latest release *Pagan Lady*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Husband's Holiday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—playing in *Taxi*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Carroll, Leo—latest release *Palmy Days*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *The Man I Killed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—latest release *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Once A Lady*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *One Hour With You*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Churchill, Marguerite—recently completed *Ambassador Bill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Clive, Colin—playing in *Frankenstein*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *His Woman*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—latest release *The Gay Diplomat*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cook, Donald—playing in *Safe In Hell*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *His Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—playing in *The Champ*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Pickup*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Mirage*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Shanghaied Love*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Dagover, Lil—playing in *I Spy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—recently completed *The Honor of the Family*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dee, Frances—playing in *Rich Man's Folly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *The Dove*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Marcheta*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Douglass, Kent—recently completed *Heart and Hand*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dove, Billie—playing in *Cock o' the Air*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—playing in *Emma*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—recently completed *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *Marcheta*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Widow's Might*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Working Girls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *The Greeks Had A Word For It*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—last release *Reaching for the Moon*—Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Union Depot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—recently completed *Delicious*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fields, Stanley—playing in *The Dove*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *The Dove*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Fox, Sidney—recently completed *Strictly Dishonorable*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *The Rich Are Always With Us*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *The Mirage*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—recently completed *Delicious*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—recently completed *West of Broadway*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gleason, James—playing in *Suicide Fleet*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—recently completed *New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Halliday, John—playing in *Pickup*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—recently completed *Lullaby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *Prestige*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Blonde Baby*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—playing in *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *The Man I Killed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 10*)

Name This Girl

Win $1500.00!

CO-ED, INCORPORATED, will pay $1,000.00 cash just for a girl's name — and $500.00 extra for sending it quick. We want a name that will properly describe America's most beautiful college girl—one of those attractive, lively co-eds that you see at every college and high school. There is nothing to buy or sell in order to win this $1,500.00 and you will not be required to do anything else but send a name. This big prize will be given just to find the right name for a lovely young lady who will sponsor a beautiful nation wide radio program we contemplate for this winter.

Send Your Favorite Name

What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this $1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc., may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

$500.00 for MAILING IT QUICK

Yes, $500.00 cash or, if preferred, a beautiful new FORD TUDOR SEDAN will be added to the $1,000.00 prize if the name is sent within three days from the time this announcement is read. So, send your suggestion TODAY! Take no risk of losing that $500.00 EXTRA which is to be won so easily—just for being prompt.

Nothing Else To Do

Certainly this $1,500.00 prize is worth trying for, especially when it costs you only a 2c stamp and an envelope. There is nothing else to do—nothing to buy—nothing to sell—no coupons to clip. This $1,500.00 Cash can be yours just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. CO-ED, Incorporated, wants you to send your suggestion at once . . . no matter how simple or plain it may be. The very name you send may be the one they are seeking and if you could imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram stating that you won this $1,500.00 prize just for sending a girl's name, you would lose no time in mailing your suggestion at once. You will receive an immediate acknowledgment by letter and at the same time, we will have a big surprise for you in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as $4,000.00 more. So, DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY! . . . mail this coupon today.

MAIL THE NAME YOU SUGGEST ON THIS COUPON

A. S. WEILBY
CO-ED, Inc., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 122, Chicago, Ill.
The name I suggest for America's most beautiful college girl is:

_____

Date I read this advertisement_____

My Name is _____

Address _____

City_____ State _____

Be sure to fill in the date you read this announcement

RULES: This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A., outside of Chicago, Illinois, except employees of Co-Ed, Incorporated, and their families and closes midnight, February 29, 1932. All answers must be mailed on or before that date. Each person may submit only one name, sending more than one will disqualify all entries for that individual. $1,000.00 will be paid to the person submitting the name chosen by Co-Ed, Incorporated. An additional $500.00 cash or a Ford Tudor Sedan will be given to the prize winner, providing the winning name was mailed within three days from the time the announcement was read. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

CO-ED, INC., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 122, CHICAGO, ILL.

"Tommy, play your mandolin!" And *Patricola* plays and dances himself into and out of enough comedy tough spots to keep you laughing for a week.

"But, dearie, the rent is three weeks overdue!" And those *Hollywood Girls* are off on another wild escapade setting the studios into an uproar.

No wonder IDEAL COMEDIES are making so many new friends this season. They are bringing you some of the most delightful laugh hits of the season. Whether it is those *Three Hollywood Girls* in a frolic like "QUEENIE of HOLLYWOOD", or one of the alternating pictures with famous stars such as *Tom Patricola* in "THE TAMALE VENDOR" or his coming comedy "MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS" there is always a half hour of hilarious fun in an IDEAL COMEDY.

● ● ●

Don't miss any of these IDEAL fun fests . . . and watch, too, for MACK SENNETT'S great comedies, the ANDY CLYDE COMEDIES, for the TORCHY COMEDIES, the TERRY-TOONS and *Educational's* other amusing short subjects. They always make any show more enjoyable.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices,
1501 Broadway, New York

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 8*)

Holt, Jack—recently completed *A Dangerous Affair*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Saint and Sinner*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Surrender*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hobart, Rose—playing in *Gallows*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Jones, Buck—playing in *Headin' For Love*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *The Beloved Bachelor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Judge, Arlene—recently completed *Are These Our Children?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Keaton, Buster—latest release *Sidewalks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kirkwood, James—recently completed *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—recently completed *The Yellow Ticket*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lebedeff, Ivan—latest release *The Gay Diplomat*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lightner, Winnie—playing in *She Means Business*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *No One Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—recently completed *The Cisco Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—recently completed *The Beloved Bachelor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Her Majesty, Love*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Manners, David—playing in *The Greeks Had A Word For It*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Marsh, Mae—recently completed *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Marsh, Marian—playing in *Under Eighteen*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Disorderly Conduct*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Safe In Hell*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—latest release *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—latest release *Friends and Lovers*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mercer, Beryl—recently completed *Are These Our Children?*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Miller, Marilyn—playing in *Her Majesty, Love*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *A Family Affair*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Lois—playing in *The Men In Her Life*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Cock o' the Air*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Muni, Paul—playing in *Scarface*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Negri, Pola—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—playing in *Good Sport*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

O'Brien, George—playing in *The Rainbow Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Flying High*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Day, Molly—recently completed *Sob Sister*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Oland, Warner—playing in *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—latest release *The Brat*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Under Eighteen*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Peterson, Dorothy—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—latest release *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *The Gentleman From San Francisco*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—recently completed *Reckless Living*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—recently completed *The Tip-Off*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rambeau, Marjorie—playing in *Stepping Sisters*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rathbone, Basil—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rich, Irene—playing in *The Champ*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *The Honorable Mr. Wong*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Working Girls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—recently completed *Ambassador Bill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy—recently completed *Touchdown*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—playing in *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—playing in *The Greeks Had a Word for It*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Ladies of the Big House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—recently completed *Lullaby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—playing in *Tonight Or Never*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—recently completed *Girls About Town*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tibbett, Lawrence—playing in *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—playing in *Under Eighteen*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Torrence, Ernest—playing in *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Sky Devils*—Caddo Productions, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *The Second Shot*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Watkins, Linda—playing in *Good Sport*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *Saint and Sinner*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Wong, Anna May—playing in *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, John—playing in *I Spy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Taxi*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Roland—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT

The Movie Circus

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

All honors this month go to the young high-school teacher who met a film beauty. "You know," he meditated later, "she's the kind of girl to whom you don't know whether to give a B or a C. If you give her a B, she might go to college and she shouldn't. And if you give her a C, of course, she can't go, which may be doing her an injustice."

Hollywood Boulevard merchants are getting all dewy and tender about their theatrical neighbors. At a meeting of the Boulevard Association it was decided to outfit the street corners with benches for weary pilgrims, each bench to bear a star's name. **Colonel Harry Baine** chose **Mary Pickford** for Whitley Avenue, **Mr. Bernard Rosenthal** honored **Doug Fairbanks** and Hudson Avenue, **Mr. C. E. Toberman** reckoned he'd choose **Norma Shearer** for Highland and **Mr. E. T. Heyden** is still mulling it over.

The benches are of substantial wrought iron, painted green, and of funereal elegance. Personally, we hope **Mr. Heyden** decides in favor of **Jackie Cooper.** We'd like to sit in dignity waiting for our tram, musing over the courtesy of **Master Cooper** and **Mr. E. T. Heyden.**

Armand Kaliz, who advertises himself as "he with savoir faire," arises to murmur that times are so tough that a symphony conductor of his acquaintance is writing orchestrations for castanets.

Swank for Rent

Mrs. Wallace Reid founded an industry six years ago when she paid **Joe Wilharber** twenty-five dollars a day for the use of his Stutz Wildcat roadster in "Human Wreckage." She kept it fifteen days, paid him three hundred seventy-five dollars, and it gave **Joe** the idea of acquiring unusual cars for studio rental. He now has thirty-one, ranging from **Mary Pickford's** DeLage, costing $24,000, which won the first prize at the 1922 Paris exhibit, to **Valentino's** $20,000 Isotta-Fraschini. He gets from $42.50 to $75.00 per day for them, and has a devilish time, often, teaching stars to operate their complicated foreign mechanisms. **Mary's** DeLage has silver fittings, mother-of-pearl inlaid panels and satin-striped hangings. Today she drives her own Ford. **Valentino** contented himself with *cloisonne* door handles.

Mr. Wilharber says Fox uses the most cars, sometimes as many as twenty for a street scene, and that M-G-M goes in for his swankiest equipages, in keeping with their drawing-room dramas. He gets calls for vegetable wagons and ice trucks, but **Mr. Wilharber** and his partner, **Mr. Grace,** chortled longest when two years later **Howard Hughes'** representative returned to rent a Fiat roadster that had been used earlier in "Hell's Angels." They were making re-takes.

When the motion picture night was celebrated in the stadium during the recent Los Angeles 150th Anniversary Fiesta, the Paramount float was one of the features in the electrical parade. And no wonder—with such a bevy of beauties to attract the eye!

Purity Note

Notice from the wall of Radio Pictures' publicity mill, home of **Ivan Lebedeff, Richard Dix** and **Dolores Del Rio:** "The Hays' organization has asked us to suppress the title 'The Gland Parade,' so we are going to use 'Cut It Out' instead, if the latter is clear."

It's all right, but do you suppose anyone else will get it?

Thilde Forster of Germany, after selling her scenario to Pathé for **Pola Negri,** is signed by M-G-M. "The difficulty in Hollywood is not to get the job, but to keep it, I find," she states with a knowing sigh.

And the German **Hans von Twardowski,** once **Marlene Dietrich's** leading man, has also learned about Hollywood. In keeping with the film mergers, he reports, the gnats are merging with the mosquitoes at Malibu.

Sawdust Section

Clark Gable may be the nation's urge, but at Fox **Warner Baxter** tops all the men, including **Charles Farrell,** in fan mail. And **Elissa Landi** has edged in on **Janet Gaynor,** even if her fans haven't read her two books "The Helmers" and "The Neilsens." Rumor has it that **Kay Francis** regrets leaving Paramount. They would have topped the weekly offer that Warner Brothers made the svelte young lady by five hundred dollars. . . . **Jim,** hair artist extraordinary, misses **Joan Crawford.** Since she has taken to hairpins, **Joan** trims her own tresses. . . . However, there are still **Bebe Daniels** and **Billie Dove** who have joined with **Jim** to operate a cosmetic company. Now you, too, can look like **Bebe** and **Billie. . . . Eddie Quillan** is helping **Maureen O'Sullivan** forget the loss of her Fox contract, and doesn't like it at all when Swains **Russell Gleason** and **William Bakewell** visit her on the set. . . .

(*Continued on page 96*)

Get acquainted with Joe E. Brown

The Clown Prince of the Talkies

in

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"

with DOROTHY LEE

Based on a play by
J. C. and Elliott Nugent

Directed by MERVYN LEROY

He is a storm of laughs just being himself, and when he is "two other fellows" he is a cyclone of merriment . . . Get acquainted with this merry madcap of nonsense! . . . this hilarious and uproarious comic! . . . the laugh-master of them all! . . . His next picture is "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD". . . . Don't miss it, or the other blues-chasing comedies featuring this Gulliver of Glee soon to appear at your local theatre . . . You'll have the laugh-time of your life.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE STAR

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

By MARION MARTONE

1. Who are the two movie stars who became parents on September 10th of this year?

2. Do you know the name of the former Follies girl who became the fourth bride of James Kirkwood?

3. Can you name the screen beauty whose chestnut brown hair has gone quite gray?

4. Are you familiar with the name of the man to whom Rita La Roy, film actress, was recently married?

5. Who is the 1931 Wampas Baby Star who recently announced her engagement?

6. Which recently divorced screen couple gave everyone in Hollywood a shock by being seen in each other's company?

7. Can you name the movie star who is planning to write a book about her life and career?

8. Who is the screen comedian who is Maureen O'Sullivan's escort these days?

9. Now that Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor have come to the parting of the ways, who is her new boy-friend?

10. To whom was Lew Ayres, the very popular screen star, recently married in Las Vegas, Nevada?

20. Who is the smiling beauty in the picture above and do you know the admiring gentleman with her?

11. Do you know what movie star has everyone guessing as to whether she is married or not?

12. Whose palatial Hollywood home was swept by fire recently?

13. Why did Kent Douglass leave Hollywood and give up his screen career?

14. Who is the movie actor whose wife, from whom he is separated, has been reported working as a saleslady for the small salary of $15.00 per week?

15. Do you know anyone connected with the movies whose name is Wong Lu Tsong?

16. Can you name the actor, now playing typical he-man rôles on the screen, who got his start in the movies by his female impersonations?

17. Who is the only film actor who is invited to the social events of the Los Angeles-Beverly Hills Four Hundred?

18. What former woman star is bickering with studios for a comeback?

19. Do you know the popular actress who is about to become a newspaper columnist?

(*You will find the answers to these questions on page 102*)

Famous Episodes in History—No. 1

Find 5 Hidden Spies

—*and Qualify for the Opportunity to Win*

$2600.00

"No sah, no spies heah, sah. All ouah boys haive retreated, sah," but these cavalry officers must stop and look for concealed spies in spite of the touching effort of the southern girl to protect the Confederates who were left behind by the Confederate army to spy out the positions of the advancing northern troops. Incidents of this kind were not uncommon in the bitter struggles of the Civil War when two great armies made up of the finest men in America fought the war of conflicting principles and ideals.

In both the Confederate and Northern armies, the finest manhood volunteered for this hazardous service and were of great value to their generals.

Spies could cause the annihilation of a whole regiment by learning of their plans and reporting them to their own field generals. Consequently, it was immensely important to apprehend all spies before any information could be obtained by them and carried back to their own forces. It took clear thinking and thorough searching to ferret out these spies and many lives depended on its being done thoroughly.

In the picture above, the faces of 6 spies are concealed. It will take close observation to find them. Nothing so valuable as human life is at stake now. The Civil War with all its strife and heartache is fortunately almost forgotten.

In producing this historical observation test, we hark back only to the valiance displayed by the men and women of both the North and South and not to the long dead hatreds.

You may search out the faces of the hidden spies in quest of a $2600.00 prize. A reward of $2600.00 to you if you find the faces of 5 of the hidden spies and are prompt and win first prize; or if you prefer a latest model Chrysler De Luxe Sedan and $1000.00 cash.

In our great advertising plan of giving large prizes which is introduced to you through this "famous episodes in history" puzzle, number one, we will give 60 prizes, including 5 latest model sedans or their value in cash.

Only persons living in the U. S. A. outside of the city of Chicago are eligible to submit answers. No expense. Neatness and originality do not count, only correctness. Answer today. Dozens of prizes. No obligation to compete. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. If you can find the faces of five of the hidden spies mark them with a cross and send your answer at once.

H. W. THOMSON, Adv. Director, Dept. 55 510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

That's Hollywood!

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People

By Mark Dowling And Lynn Norris

HOLLYWOOD is the only place in the world where a movie star can walk the sidewalk and cause no excitement at all, but a monkey on an organ grinder's leash draws crowds. Not even **John D. Rockefeller** could cash a check at a Hollywood bank without the endorsement of three of the town's leading citizens, but any fellow with a small mustache and a bogus title will be invited to the best parties and loaned money.

Conrad Nagel goes to church every Sunday and we like to point him out as a typical screen hero, but he is not invited to many parties. **Marie Dressler** plays gay old ladies on the screen and is very correct, very proper, in private life, whereas **Polly Moran** plays rough girls and acts that way when you meet her.

Jack Oakie used a number—seven or so—of doubles in one of his latest daredevil pictures. This does not imply lack of courage on the part of **Mr. Oakie,** but rather a hesitation on the part of the studio to risk the flesh of several thousand dollars' worth of star. Many actors who would prefer to do their own stunts are not allowed.

Studios hire expert accountants to cut down expenses and pay tremendous salaries to nonentities. **Carman Barnes,** after being written up in newspapers and magazines as the latest find of the Paramount studio, failed to appear on the screen at all. **Mary Brian,** who has been in more pictures than she can think of, is not a star and probably won't be, unless she drops her sweetness, tacks on a pair of false eyelashes, and follows the other girls in imitating **Garbo.**

Edward Everett Horton, the character actor, finds it easy to get work even though he asks $5,000 a week and will not sign for less than four weeks. He says he doesn't know why they pay it—says it's a crime. **Glenn Hunter,** the New York actor, was driven through Los Angeles, which sprawls all over the place and has no shopping center, no Main Street. He called it Six Suburbs in Search of a City.

Malibu beach is practically restricted to film actors. **John Gilbert** has a house there, and **George O'Brien.** But the girls all flock to a brawny lifeguard whom they consider the handsomest man around . . . A popular exponent of love-lorn heroes lives there, not so love-lorn since he has a charming companion. The girl is not his wife—**she** lives elsewhere. Another young man who plays tragic, troubled heroes became so fuddled from liquor, the other night, that he left his party and lay down on the sands to think things over. Waves washing over his body failed to arouse him and he nearly drowned.

The most popular shelf at the Hollywood public library is that containing the wild west thrillers, just as in any other small town. People tell you that Hollywood parties are tame; actors have to go to bed early and keep their faces in shape; but you can become exceedingly unpopular by 'phoning anyone before noon of a holiday.

Greta Garbo threatened to move when a careless gardener clipped her shrubbery so low that the grounds of her country place were exposed to passersby. Her house is surrounded by trees which are intended as a protection. Tourists perch in them and take photographs.

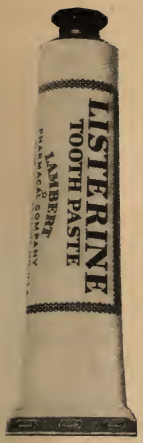
Garbo once looked for a new house. She wanted a swimming-pool, an inclosed patio for sun-bathing, and many other things which a house owned by a friend of hers did not possess. Nevertheless **Garbo** liked the house so much that she nearly decided to rent it. The friend left for a trip and came back, expecting to see the famous screen star installed. Instead she found a great bunch of red roses in the living-room, with a note that ran something like—"I am sorry. I cannot take the house. I am a fool. Love, **Greta.**"

People in Hollywood drink a lot, some to forget that they no longer possess high-paying contracts, others to celebrate getting high-paying contracts. The current price of alcohol is twelve dollars a gallon. This makes eighteen quarts of gin and, in case of a party, will take care of from twenty to thirty people, depending on their capacity.

Folks stand on Hollywood Boulevard, on opening nights, to watch the stars enter the theater. If they went swimming at Santa Monica, where the beach is open to the public, they could walk by the houses of **Norma Talmadge,**

(*Continued on page 92*)

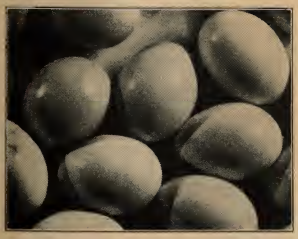
There's only one place in the world where the populace gets excited about a movie opening—and that's Hollywood. The scene at the top shows you Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater on a typical opening night



25¢

More Beauty for your Teeth— More Money for your Budget

—with this extraordinary tooth paste



Buy 6 dozen eggs with the money you save

There are many things which you can buy with the $3 a year each member of your family saves on tooth paste. But very few will do you and your children as much good as eggs—especially in these winter months. Eggs are a valuable source of vitamins "a" and "b." They also supply *lecithin*, important in nourishing the nerves and aiding growth. Remember, eggs are always part of the diet which doctors prescribe during convalescence to bring back health and energy.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. Yet its cleansing and polishing power, plus safety, are unsurpassed — even by imported tooth pastes, costing 75¢ a tube.

It is entirely free from coarseness and grit. It cannot scratch even a baby's tooth enamel. And it contains, in addition to all the usual cleansing elements of value—an astonishingly effective, *special polishing agent.*

Our methods cut costs for you with no loss of quality

Though Listerine Tooth Paste is only a youngster in the tooth paste field —it is the biggest, most vigorous youngster ever seen. Over four million people have switched to it in nine years—and have kept on using it constantly. This demand calls for production on a huge, cost-cutting scale. You benefit by these savings.

Try it! Learn how white your teeth really are

Your teeth benefit as much as your pocketbook. Economy alone could not have won and kept so many users —particularly millions of women, who prize the beauty of their teeth.

The special polishing agent clears away every particle of dirt and decay. Tartar, tobacco-stains, other discolorations—vanish without leaving a trace. Yet it is scientifically gentle in action and therefore cannot injure tooth enamel.

Besides, it leaves a remarkably fresh and invigorating after-taste. Your mouth *is* clean—and *feels* clean, too.

Give this tooth paste a trial. After that, we know you will keep on using it. Its economy, refreshing taste, and safe cleansing power will guarantee that. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . 25¢

Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Young and lovely, her frank good sense points the way to beauty for every woman

YOU catch a glimpse of her over intent masculine shoulders, at Belmont Park races . . . at country house parties in Long Island or Westchester . . . dancing at the most exclusive night clubs.

Yet she is as popular with women as with men—young Mrs. Morgan Belmont, with her lovely laughing eyes, her red-gold hair, her dazzlingly fair complexion. To a host of friends she is "Maggie."

Beauty . . . and brains! The gay wit that sparkles in her ready repartee is kin to the unerring taste that guides her striking individuality in dress. And to the forthright good sense with which she eschews fads and frills of beauty care and will have nothing but the simplest care for the flawless radiance of her skin.

"COMPLICATED beauty preparations" she calls "needless extravagance"... "The Pond's Method keeps one's skin fresh and clear, in less time, at less cost."

Follow its four steps, and you'll agree:

1—Amply apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface. *At bedtime,* never fail to repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of dust and grime.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, *softer,* more absorbent. White or peach.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and refine pores, promote a lovely natural color.

4—*Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer.* This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a smooth and velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!

"For practical home beauty care," MRS. MORGAN BELMONT *says, "Pond's Method carries off all honors"... See Pond's four famous preparations, which she uses for the care of her dazzlingly fair skin, at right.*

Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening 9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

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C. S. Bull

JOAN MARSH

Joan's father is a photographer, which explains her poise before a camera. She began acting at the age of three, which explains her present ability. She has the looks, the figure, the voice and everything else that a Big Star is supposed to have—which explains why she is one of the Baby Stars of 1931. Just a little girl who can't help getting along!

Hurrell

Conchita is the first real Castilian to become a reel beauty. She started in Spanish versions, mastered English in eight months, and now—with those eyes!—is going to give Senoritas Del Rio and Velez some worry. You'll see what we mean in "The Cisco Kid"

CONCHITA MONTENEGRO

Hurrell

NEIL HAMILTON

Clothes make the man-about-town! Remember when Neil used to be merely the hero? Now he's the naughty cavalier—and a gay deceiver, for good measure. You can charge half of it to the new togs, and half of it to human nature's desire for a change. Did you see him in "Lullaby" —enjoying his rôle of the amiable villain? And could you help liking him?

Fryer

Loretta looks a bit wistful—as if she is thinking of something besides her work. (That new romance, perhaps?) If she is, it isn't apparent in "The World Changes," in which she faces Edward G. Robinson—or in "Taxi," in which she plays the lead opposite James Cagney. Aren't even the critics taking notice that she's an actress, as well as a beauty?

LORETTA YOUNG

Hurrell

CLARK GABLE

He's more than the man of the hour—he's the sensation of the year. Even rival actors are saying that here is Valentino's successor, if any man can ever be that. Clark disclaims all ambition to be a Great Lover—and then plays opposite Garbo in "Susan Lenox" and is told that he already is one. Joan Crawford will be the next to think so—in "The Mirage"

Richee

When Miriam broke an ankle at the outset of her career, 'twas a lucky break for Broadway. For the little Savannah gal, who had planned to be a dancer, became famous as an actress instead. New to the screen, she has made only four pictures, but has practically stolen all four. If she steals even "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—well, they ought to star her!

MIRIAM HOPKINS

Hurrell

WARNER BAXTER

Most actors seem to have a few poor performances in their systems, but not Warner Baxter. It's just natural for him to be believable, whether the story is good, bad or indifferent, whether he is talking with an English or a Spanish accent. In "The Cisco Kid" he returns to the characterization that brought him fame. Go early if you want a seat!

Hurrell

MADGE EVANS

If you have a good memory for names, that of Madge Evans will have a familiar ring. She was a child star a few years ago—and then vanished. Disappeared, it seems, to grow into the ravishing young creature you see above. It isn't often that a famous child star later becomes a famous adult, but Madge seems headed that way in "Heartbreak"

Heading for Stardom —for the Second Time

Madge Evans—once a sensation as a child star—is going to prove it's possible to be a star *twice* in a lifetime. No one else has ever done it—but there's no stopping this girl! She's so much in demand that she steps from one picture right into another

By CHARLES GRAYSON

MADGE EVANS used to be the baby who smiled at you from the advertising pages of the magazines. But now—though still pink, blonde and smiling—she has grown up into being quite another kind of baby, indeed. She has one of the soothingest voices that ever soothed a microphone, and a trick of throwing back her head and laughing at almost any joke—until you begin to think that, really, you should be up there showing the Marx Brothers how it's done.

But the important thing about her is that she is the one and only child movie star who has grown up to be a startling movie adult. She is the newest sensation of Hollywood—and is being kept even busier than Jean (Platinum) Harlow.

Although she arrived on the Hollywood scene several months ago, all that she has seen of it is the path that lies between her home and the studio. That's because she has jumped from "Son of India" to "Sporting Blood" to "Guilty Hands" to "West of Broadway" to "Heartbreak" to "The Greeks Had a Word for It" with a rapidity that has startled even the oldest inhabitants.

And because of that steadily increasing list of pictures, and the consequent increasing demand for her services, Madge Evans is soon going to be one of M-G-M's most important young ladies. She has, it seems, What It Takes.

She made her professional début at eight months of age, as the child in a Madonna-and-Child painting. And at the ripe old age of one year she was the laughing model for the famous Baby Book. At four she was chuckling through the advertisements. (And at twenty—though developed up to five feet, four inches in height and one hundred and sixteen pounds in weight, with a swell marcel and the knowledge that the best food in New York is to be found in speakeasies—she still has the same elegant good humor.)

She got her movie start at the age of six in support of Robert Warwick in "Sudden Riches." So good was she that the old World Film Company began to feature her, endeavoring to build up an opposition to the child-star vogue of Mary Miles Minter. They succeeded. She was so popular that manufacturers named toys and children's clothes after her. (Remember the Madge Evans hats, for example?) She did child parts for some seven years, appearing with such early favorites as Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, Montagu Love and Holbrook Blinn—working in those days in the East. All that experience hasn't done her a bit of harm, although it was obvious from the first that she was a "natural"—a born actress.

There was a brief lapse in her screen career while she went through the gangling period of her growth. And then, in 1925, she was cast opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates"—perhaps the youngest leading

(*Continued on page 98*)

So You Will Know Her Better

Madge Evans was born in New York City, of English parents, and now is twenty-two years old.

At the age of eight months, she was pretty enough to paint. When a year old, she was the laughing model for the famous Baby Book. At four, she was a chuckling little nymph who posed for ads.

At the age of six, she was first discovered by a film producer—and appeared with Robert Warwick in "Sudden Riches." She quickly became a child star—and has been acting ever since.

In 1925, she was leading lady in the Barthelmess picture, "Classmates"—one of the youngest leading ladies on record. With the completion of that picture, however, she left the screen and went on the stage. From that time until early last summer she was on Broadway.

Discovered anew by film producers, she was rushed West in a 'plane to be Novarro's leading lady in "Son of India"—and started work an hour after her arrival. Since then, she hasn't had a week-day free.

She is crazy about Garbo—but couldn't picture Madge Evans being that serious about herself. She thinks Norma Shearer is the screen's best actress—and has her reasons.

She doesn't want to be a star—just yet. But it looks as if she might not have much say in the matter.

Hurrell

Madge Evans' smile will take her a long way — but it's her acting that will make her a star again

The Movie Heroes

Thirteen years ago, these actors weren't fighting for film fame—they were soldiers. Some were officers, some privates, some prisoners of war. Some fought with the Allies, others with the Germans. And any of them might have known—or might have become—The Unknown Soldier

By HARRY D. WILSON

THIRTEEN years ago—on November 11, 1918—the World War ended. Each year since, at the same hour, the world has stopped selling and buying, building skyscrapers and bungalows, making bread and books—and motion pictures—for two minutes of silent prayer. Even in Hollywood, land of make-believe, these two minutes bring stern reality to some who played an active part in this struggle. Even Hollywood, city of paint-and-powder heroes, has real heroes who knew the Unknown Soldier.

Private Maurice Chevalier, when he stands with bowed head, remembers how the half-starved scarecrows in a German prison camp cheered feebly at the news of the Armistice. He was one of them.

"The bulletins calling us to arms were still wet on Paris walls when I was on my way to the front," he says. "We went gaily along those summer roads with a song and a cheer. It was a grand holiday to us! We never stopped to think of what was ahead. Three days later, many of my friends were dead and I, myself, was wounded. We lived in hell night and day for four months. Then the worst fighting began. Such noise—I cannot describe it! Such bravery under fire! God must have been proud of mankind! We ached for the command to advance. Then I seemed to forget—the firing became fainter, fainter.

Franklin Pangborn (above) was wounded in the Argonne

Above, going over the these men can never who was a member of Below, at right, Ivan tenant in the Czar's only German gen-

Major Victor McLaglen (left) was provost-marshal of Bagdad after its capture. Bela Lugosi (right), was a bearded Hungarian captain

"I awoke in a German prison hospital. A shell had pierced my side, hitting the spine. For months I hovered between life and death. What surgeons those Germans were! My one consolation during the months of agony was seeing the way they cared for their wounded prisoners. We received the same medical attention as their own soldiers, the same tenderness.

The War Gave Us Chevalier

"I WAS placed in a prison camp after my discharge from the hospital. There I remained three years. It was during that time that a

(*Continued on page 30*)

of the World War

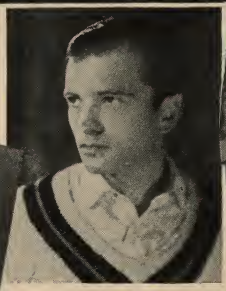
top at dawn—an experience forget. Left, Claude Allister, the first British Tank Corps. Lebedeff when a young lieu- army. Lebedeff captured the eral taken during the War

Captain Lewis Stone (right), stationed at Plattsburg, trained men for overseas service

Major Clive Brook (left) was a victim of shell-shock for years after the War

George K. Arthur (right) saw wartime service with the Scotch troops

John Miljan (left) broke out of the guardhouse to get back into the fray



John Loder (above) was a British captain at twenty, was captured by the Germans, and nearly executed by them. To Captain Adolphe Menjou, the biggest thrill of the War was seeing Premier Clemenceau at the front.

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO—

Maurice Chevalier was learning English in a German prison camp. Lieut. John Boles was using a powerful military pass. Capt. John Loder was a German prisoner, after a near-execution. Major Victor McLaglen was marching into Bagdad. Private Buster Keaton was almost shot by a sentry. Captain Ivan Lebedeff had captured a German general. Major Clive Brook was suffering from shell-shock. Ronald Colman was in London on leave. Captain Adolphe Menjou was on the Western Front. Captain Bela Lugosi was in the Hungarian forces. Kenneth Harlan was a buck private in the front lines. Franklin Pangborn had been wounded in the Argonne. Claude Allister was in the British Tank Corps. Lieut. Norman Kerry was in the American Tank Corps. Paul Lukas was fighting for Hungary. James Hall had organized a jazz band in the trenches. Reginald Denny was in the Royal Flying Corps. John Miljan had escaped from the guardhouse to go over the top again.

Kenneth Harlan was one of the first Hollywood buck privates to see fighting

British prisoner taught me English. In return I taught him French. When the Armistice was signed, I went to London, for now I spoke the English. So you see, perhaps I am in Hollywood because of the War."

Lieutenant John Boles was sitting in the kitchen of Mme. Piot's café in the little village of Autun, France, when the news of the Armistice came. Boles was assigned to the Intelligence Department and Department of Criminal Investigation because he spoke French fluently—an accomplishment that also enabled him to win a smile from Mére Piot and less water in his wine than his less linguistic buddies.

Norman Kerry was a lieutenant in the American Tank Corps. His boys went over the top ahead of the others

"The War left me with many memories," says Boles. "One of the most interesting was President Wilson's visit to France, which looked upon him as a Savior. A meeting of tremendous importance was to take place at the City Hall in Paris. Only the highest French and American officials were invited; not even the high-rank army officers were included. I possessed a pass giving me entrée to any place in France or England, because of my work with the Intelligence Department. Filled with good old American gate-crashing instinct, I found a buddy with a similar pass.

"I can still see those long lines of tall-plumed lancers standing at attention as we walked up the grand marble staircase. Our passes had done the trick. Unquestioned, we stood behind two large palms and watched the entire proceedings with eyes like saucers. From where I stood, I could easily have touched the shoulder of President Wilson, General Pershing or President Poincaré of France. What a thrill! Had we been questioned and brought before a board of inquiry, it would have been curtains for us."

Loder Almost Executed

A CAPTAIN at twenty, in the firing line on four different fronts, almost executed by a firing squad, an encounter with the German Crown Prince—these are some of the high spots in the War memories of Captain John Loder, once of the British army, now of Hollywood. This handsome daredevil, who has more medals than his broad chest can carry, admits that even now he becomes violently sick for several days, after talking about his near-execution.

"My guardian angel must have been on the job that day," says John. "It was dawn—with heavy fog encircling No Man's Land. Suddenly, like dim figures in a dream, we saw the enemy's soldiers looming toward us. We opened fire—minutes seemed hours. Our men fell on every side. When the Germans surrounded us, twelve of us were still standing, among thousands of our dead.

"We were lined up—just a handful left after that terrible slaughter. We knew what was coming. It was to be a quick affair. A machine gun was trained on us—God, I'll never forget the grim look on the German behind that gun. He shot one of us, casually, to see if the gun was in working order. Just as he was about to let the rest of us have it, the officer in command raised a hand and countermanded the order."

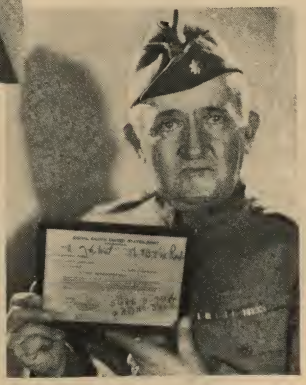
"'Why shoot you?' he cried. 'You'll be more help to us alive than dead—carrying our wounded away. They will freeze to death if left overnight.'

"I'm not a brave man, so my calmness in the face of death astounded me. The last-minute rescue of the movies didn't seem likely, but I wasn't particularly disturbed—a bit bored in fact. I thought of my brother, who had been killed a few weeks before, and how hard it would hit my mother to lose both her boys. . . .

"On our way to the German field hospital, a staff car came along the road. As it neared us, it stopped. Imagine our surprise when out stepped the German Crown Prince, decked in all his military finery like a comic-opera officer.

"'Well done,' he said to me in English. 'I hear you put up a good fight. Your country should be proud.' He took a cigarette case from his pocket, lit one, then offered me one. I took it—cigarettes were scarce out there. Before he replaced the case, he autographed one of his cigarettes for me. Rather decent fellow, I thought. As he stepped back into his car, he remarked that he hoped we would meet again some day—under happier circumstances. Several years later during a tennis match, I had the pleasure of reminding him of the incident. Incidentally, the cigarette was more precious to me than the autograph. I smoked it. I should have kept it."

(*Continued on page 88*)



Major George D. Beaumont, now gatekeeper at RKO Studios, exhibits the telegram, ending the war, that he dispatched to all American corps commanders on November 11, 1918

Buster Keaton, temporarily deaf, was almost shot by one of his own sentries

It's Easy To Lose Your Head When Anita Page Is On Deck

Unless we're awfully, awfully mistaken, that skull on her treasure chest is a grim reminder that this little buccaneer has a way of making men lose their heads. Maybe it's because she's of Spanish descent. Whatever the reason, Anita is becoming one of the most-feared picture-pirates.

She'd just as soon steal a picture as not!

Is Jackie Cooper a Midget?

He is the most amazing little actor of screen history—such a sensation that skeptics cannot believe that he is only eight years old. But this revealing story shatters all doubt that he is anything but a youngster—and a perfectly normal one, in everything except his acting

Ever since Jackie Cooper amazed the world with his performance in "Skippy," he has been the victim of malicious rumors. Some say that he must be a midget, others that he must be fourteen or fifteen and under-sized for his age. This story kills these rumors for once and all, and gives the boy credit for being an eight-year-old genius.—*Editor's Note.*

"YOU can't tell *me* that Jackie Cooper's a child!" said the woman behind me at the preview of "Donovan's Kid." She added: "He's fourteen or fifteen if he's a day!" Her corset stays creaked indignantly.

Columnist Walter Winchell prints a rumor that Jackie is really a middle-aged midget masquerading as a little boy. And Walter was right when he said that the Vanderbilts were going to have twins.

Vaudeville fans write letters claiming that they saw Jackie on the stage twenty years ago and that they'd recognize him anywhere.

King Vidor says that he has the greatest talent he has ever directed—the body of a child, the soul of an artist.

His mother (who ought to know) says that he is seven years old, going on eight.

Hollywood says, "I've heard — buzz — buzz — buzz—"

The moon and the tides are no more closely related than screen success and rumors. Not even the innocence and missing front teeth of childhood can escape. When Jackie Cooper suddenly burst on the public in "Skippy"—a finished actor, without previous fame or heralding—tongues began to wag. Now the rumors about this wonder-child have grown to such fantastic proportions that the harassed Metro publicity department is considering sending out a story that Jackie's mother is really his daughter, that his grandmother is his wife and that he is forty-five years old, just to prove that they can tell as good a fable as anyone.

This close-up of Jackie Cooper in "Donovan's Kid" reveals why many fans thought he must be older than his mother claims—though not necessarily a midget like Little Billy (left), "the vest pocket comedian"

Why His Age Is Hard to Prove

IF Jackie's mother had dreamed what the future was going to hold for the weazened, sickly-looking baby that was laid in her arms at the Clara Barton Memorial Hospital almost eight years ago, she would have hoarded indisputable proofs of his birth date. At the moment, however, she was chiefly worried about how on earth they would ever be able to pay the doctor's bills out of the profits of the struggling sheet-music shop she and her husband owned on North Broadway.

Undoubtedly, the records of the Clara Barton Hospital contained a small footprint and a smudgy handprint labeled "Baby Cooper," with the date attached. These, compared with Jackie's prints to-day, would have settled conjecture as to his age once and for all. But unfortunately the Clara Barton Hospital no longer exists, and its records are destroyed. As the next-best proof of her talented son's age, Jackie's mother has sent for his birth certificate from the Capitol at Sacramento.

Billy Platt is a midget you have often seen on the screen

She doesn't know whether to be flattered or annoyed by the persistence of the rumors that Jackie is adopted, that he is a midget, that he is really fifteen or sixteen and small for his age, that he isn't Jackie Cooper at all but another boy by the same name! (This latter story may have arisen from the fact that after his father left his family, Jackie went under his mother's maiden name of Leonard for several years.)

"Dearest Jackie," his fan letters nearly all begin, "I saw you in 'Skippy' and think you're a wonderful little actor. I just can't understand how a child of your age can act so marvelously—"

Is Jackie Cooper a midget? Or merely an amazingly talented and precocious child of

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

Jackie Cooper's head is somewhat larger than the normal youngster's and he has an oldish face—but the neighborhood children accept him as one of them

International

This shows you a group of real midgets who play in the movies. They are now full-grown. (Jackie has grown an inch in six months.)

almost-eight? Richard Dix, Pat O'Brien, Wallace Beery and every other star who has worked with Jackie in a picture speaks of his acting with respect, almost awe. He is, they say, an instinctive actor with an almost flawless technique (something that few adult actors possess). He learns his lines with breathtaking rapidity, he invents his own "business." His timing is perfect. Good directors wisely do not attempt to direct him. None of them suspects that he is a day older than his mother claims. He's a prodigy, that's all.

Aside from the fact that he has a head a trifle large for his body—as is often the case with especially talented children—and a curiously wise little face with rather heavy, unchildlike features, there is certainly no indication in Jackie's behavior away from the camera which would indicate that he is not a small boy! The neighborhood kids accept him as one of themselves, and he is prouder of the fact that he is the leader of a "gang" than that he is a movie star.

His talents for destroying clothes and property are amazing. When the studio is faced with the necessity of making a portrait-sitting with Jackie Cooper, strong men flinch from the ordeal.

This picture of Jackie Cooper—then Jackie Leonard—was taken in 1927. Does he look like a four-year-old here?

He is here, there, everywhere, prying and poking, asking questions, even showing off, if strangers happen to be present. No one who works at a studio with Jackie has the slightest doubt that he is an exceptionally lively and normal small boy!

Jackie's No Financier

HIS attitude toward money is the attitude of an eight-year-old. He knows that he is earning money, and sometimes inquires, "Mother, have I a million dollars yet?" because he has read that Jackie Coogan had earned almost a million when he was his age. Recently, when a comedy company was shooting scenes on his street and the youngsters in the neighborhood were earning five dollars for a day's "extra" work, Jackie was indignant because he was not allowed to join them.

"But think of it, Mother!" he argued. "I might be making five dollars, too! That's quite a lot of money. I don't see why *I* can't, if all the other kids can—"

And this child star, who earns almost a thousand dollars a week, is as willing as any boy to rake up the leaves in the front yard for a quarter!

It is only in regard to his work that Jackie Cooper shows himself older than his years. The other day he watched the "rushes" of a scene in which he had worked. He made no comment as he and Mrs. Cooper left the studio, and sat silent all the way home. At last he burst out angrily, "Say, who said I was an actor anyhow? I was terrible in that scene. Stood around like a stick—never changed my expression! Gosh, I'm going to do better'n that tomorrow or quit acting—"

It might have been a seasoned movie veteran speaking!

Jackie Cooper's success came with comparative suddenness. Although he has been on the screen since he was three-and-a-half

(*Continued on page 94*)

How Tragedy The Screen

You would expect them to be surrounded with love But their beauty has brought them unhappiness of ill luck, cruelty, notoriety and tragedy. You

By DOROTHY

THERE is something tragic, and unlucky about being *too* beautiful. The movies teach you otherwise. The movies teach you that the startling beauties are the women most surrounded with love and luxury and fame. But Life tells a different story. Life says it is only a legend.

Consider the really beautiful women of Hollywood history—women whose beauty has been a tragic gift. Doomed little Olive Thomas. Mary Nolan, whose loveliness is angelic. Katherine MacDonald, once known as "The American Beauty." The glorious and sad Mary Astor. Clara Bow, who started on the road to unhappiness through a beauty contest. Barbara La Marr, who died at twenty-six, the victim of her own beauty. And there are others . . .

Unhappiness has stalked them. Tragedy has shadowed the footsteps of their loveliness. Some, who should have inspired envy and admiration, have lived to find themselves objects of pity. Some have died. The great gift that should have earned them fame, success and happiness has in most cases attracted only the opposite—bankruptcy, brutality (as revealed in sordid divorce charges), notoriety. The history of their beauty has proved it fatal!

Haunted Mary Nolan

THERE is something shiningly indestructible about the loveliness of Mary Nolan. Nothing that she can do, or that can happen to her, seems to lessen it. I have seen her in public in a silly, conspicuous mood that would be unflattering to most women and still she was beautiful. Hours of dissipation seem to do nothing harmful to her face. Weariness registers there only in a softening loveliness. Once I talked to her when she was ill in her hotel suite. She wore no make-up. She was too sick to care how she looked. Yet her eyes were as violet as the silk cover across her bed, and her skin had the texture of a baby's. I thought: "You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen," and I wondered that such loveliness could be so *doomed*.

Mary Nolan's face is like an angel's. Yet a man has planted his fist there. A figure that could, and has, been the inspiration of artists, has also been beaten and bruised. A girl who was made for the love of men and the envy of women is an object of pity in her profession. Beauty that should have gained her enduring fame has brought heart-breaking notoriety, which began with her tragic love affair with Frank Tinney, was followed by bankruptcy and climaxed in a narcotic investigation that almost ended her career, even though she was proved innocent. She is back in Hollywood again for another chance. She is as beautiful as ever—and as hounded by trouble.

Mary had no more than stepped from the train when she was greeted with newspaper headlines proclaiming a lawsuit involving her new husband, Wallace MacCreery, Jr. A manicurist in a New York hotel had charged that MacCreery attempted assault after she had been summoned to his suite to give a manicure. "It isn't true," cried Mary, who has so often used that phrase in denying the unfortunate episodes of her beauty-wrecked life. "The day the episode is alleged to have taken place, my husband and I were together—and not in New York. Isn't it enough for publicity-seekers to try to ruin *me*, without trying to make trouble for those who are close to me?"

From top to bottom: Mary Astor, who was tragically widowed at the height of her happiness; Billie Dove, who sued for divorce on grounds of cruelty; Mary Nolan, who has been a victim of headline-hunters; Claire Windsor, who has known two unhappy marriages; and Sally O'Neil, whose future once looked brighter than Constance Bennett's or Joan Crawford's

Has Stalked Beauties

and luxury and good luck—just as on the screen. and torture. In real life, they have been victims might almost call them: The Beautiful And Doomed

MANNERS

The Unhappy "American Beauty"

ONLY slightly less sensational than Mary Nolan's has been the life of another great beauty, as revealed in Katherine MacDonald's divorce complaint against Christian B. Holmes, wealthy sportsman of Montecito, California. When interviewed by newspaper reporters just after the suit was filed, the woman who was once known to the screen as "The American Beauty" was lying with a fractured shoulder in a hospital near Santa Barbara. She claimed that the injury was sustained as she was fleeing from pistol shots fired by her husband. "I am the unhappiest woman in the world," she sobbed. "It is dreadful that I should have to bring such charges against the father of my child. But I cannot stand such a life any longer."

In the divorce complaint she charged that her married life was a continual round of abuse and humiliation. On one occasion, she says, Holmes reached for her hand. She thought it was a mood of affection. Instead, he pressed a burning cigarette against it and when she cried out with pain, he beat her. "I can't understand it. I don't know what I have done to deserve such unhappiness."

When Katherine MacDonald retired from the screen, her title of "American Beauty" passed on to Billie Dove—and Billie is another great beauty who charged extreme cruelty when parting from her husband. At the time of her divorce from director Irvin Willat, the luscious-looking Billie told the Judge that Willat had frequently struck her in the face. "He was insanely jealous of every man who looked at me," she explained. Poor, beautiful Billie—as though men could help looking at her! Surely no woman in Hollywood at the present moment is lovelier than this prematurely gray-haired girl.

Unlucky at Love?

YET, even now, though she is free of her unhappy married life, close friends will tell you that Billie is far from being a happy girl. Just recently a great romance of hers has gone on the rocks. Billie is said to have been sincerely and deeply in love with Howard Hughes. But lately, Hughes has been seen in the company of several other women and the gossip is that there is no chance of a reconciliation between them. Is Billie, too, to be pursued by this jinx of unhappiness that has followed Hollywood's other great beauties?

Tragedy stalked into the life of the beautiful Mary Astor right at the height of her greatest personal happiness. After only two brief years of married life, her husband, director Kenneth Hawks, was killed in an airplane accident while filming scenes for a motion picture. In speaking of this, Mary once told me:

"For days and weeks I couldn't believe it had really happened. I had never been a particularly happy girl. Nothing real had ever happened to me until I met Kenneth. When I became his wife, I began to know the real meaning of life and living for the first time. At first, after the tragedy, I was bitterly rebellious. I couldn't understand why such love and happiness should be jerked away from me when we were so deeply happy. It seemed so unfair!"

Will Mary Astor ever marry again? And if she does, will she ever be able to forget the tragic ending of her first marriage?

(*Continued on page 87*)

From top to bottom: Alma Rubens, tragic and unwilling victim of drugs; Clara Bow, who has been broken in health and spirit by headlines; Katherine MacDonald, once "the American Beauty," now "the unhappiest woman in the world"; Barbara La Marr, who died in trying to live up to a reputation; and young Martha Mansfield, who was accidentally burned to death

News *and* Gossip

Fryer

What's all the shootin' for? David Manners and Ruth Hall look as if they're aiming to bring down some wild duck—but don't you be fooled. What's being shot is a picture. That grinning gridder up at the top is your old pal, Richard Arlen—who's in form and uniform in "Touchdown"

THE question seems to be: Did Lupe Velez give up Garee, or did Gary Cooper give up Lupe? Lupe claims volubly that the break came from her, and quotes burning letters and telegrams from Gary to prove it. But no one can be found who has seen these missives. Gary's friends say that it was he who broke off the attachment of three years' standing, yielding at last to the pleas of his mother—and that Gary, like a gentleman, is telling people he was jilted. At any rate, says Lupe, speaking of Clark Gable: "Yes, he's going to be one beeg sheik, but let me tell you, baby, Garee Cooper he is more romantic, more handsome, a better actor. He is still my favorite movie star, Garee—"

HOWEVER it was, Lupe doesn't seem to be exactly pining. She has been wearing a diamond bracelet, said to be worth forty-three thousand dollars—and just before she left for Europe, rumors of new romances were rising daily around her name. When she returns from abroad, she's likely to step into a New York musical show.

AND Garee doesn't seem to be pining, either, if we are to believe the gossip from the East, which links the lean, solemn Westerner with Marjorie Wilson, a pretty young stage actress, who appeared recently in Los Angeles in a New York road show. In addition, Manhattan society women seem to have adopted him. Hollywood has seen the last of Gary for some time. Now making a picture in the East, he is about to return to Europe to make two pictures abroad.

IN last month's MOTION PICTURE you read a large number of letters from fans who want to see Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle again. And they're going to get their wish! He is to make a test comedy—which will prove, even more than hundreds of thousands of letters, whether or not he has a chance to regain his once-great popularity. Everyone in Hollywood is glad for him. At the opening of "An American Tragedy," a newsreel camera showed the announcer shouting into the microphone: "Well, folks, here's an old friend! Shall I ask Mr. Arbuckle to say a few words to you?" The cheers that followed, as the big chap stood abashed before the first camera he has faced in ten years, showed how Hollywood felt. Did you happen to see—and hear—that newsreel?

Virginia Brooks may be short on kimono, but she's likely to be long on the screen. She's Educational Comedies' latest combination of beauty and wit

ONE who works at the Hal Roach Studio, where Fatty is directing comedies, tells us that since it was decided to give Fatty his longed-for chance at a comeback, he has said wistfully now and then, "That gag is just the sort of thing I could do—it's right up my alley!" And the supervisor or the actor or the executive who happens to hear him says cordially, "That's right—it's yours! Save it for your first picture, Fatty! You're welcome to it!"

WE nominate Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen (she that was Jobyna Ralston) as the most sentimental couple in the movies. Though they

of All *the* Studios

have been married for four years, they have never had their wedding rings off. The lengths to which they have had to go to conceal these tell-tale signs of domesticity, when playing romantic rôles, are ingenious. Dick, playing in "Touchdown," Paramount's story of football life, displayed his little finger and ring-finger bound together by adhesive tape. "Athletes often do that when they've sprained a finger," says Richard, "but I can't always hide my ring so easily. I've had a big seal ring made to fit over it for other pictures. Joby has a false finger joint that slides over her ring."

BACK in the old days, when an actor went back to the stage there was only one reason—nobody wanted him in the movies. But Leslie Howard eased out of town with a screen contract for thirty-five hundred a week in his pocket—unsigned. And now that Kent ("Waterloo Bridge") Douglass has refused to listen to the pleading of Carl Laemmle, Junior, to stick around for some twelve hundred a week, Hollywood has to admit that maybe there are some people who really don't care about important movie money. Kent Douglass was even told that he could use his real name, Douglas Montgomery, if he'd stay—but he prefers the stage at one-fourth the money.

BARBARA STANWYCK gave the impression that *she* was going to give up *her* screen career—to be with hubby Frank Fay, who's now in the East. Then she changed her mind, and accepted the leading rôle in "Safe in Hell" at First National. Columbia Pictures, objecting that she was still under contract to them, slapped an injunction on her. Barbara went ahead rehearsing. First National cast Dorothy Mackaill in the same part in the same picture, just in case the courts upheld Columbia, thus creating the curious spectacle of two stars rehearsing the same scenes at the same time and at the same studio! Barbara lost her case—and is working again at Columbia. At an increased salary, we might add. Barbara seems to be the latest to adopt the slogan: "Keep 'em guessing if you want them fighting over you."

Ulanatt

It's Lupe and Larry now—not Lupe and Gary. If you can believe all you hear, the Velez girl and the Tibbett man are romantic off the screen, as well as in "Cuban Love Song." At the top is Phillips Lord—*Seth Parker* to you radio addicts—who becomes a movie star in "Other People's Business"

Ray Jones

Jill Dennett is a newcomer who's going to make men look twice, without thinking once. She's starting on a vamping career in Slim Summerville's comedies

HOLLYWOOD is thrilled at the safe arrival of the little Lyoness—Barbara Bebe—almost-six-pound daughter of Ben and Bebe Daniels Lyon. It's the only case we know of in which a troop of anxious friends spent the day at the hospital waiting for the baby's arrival. Among them was Harold Lloyd, once engaged to Bebe in the long-ago days when she was his leading lady.

THEY tell me a pathetic tale of Esther Ralston Webb, whose baby was born a few days before Bebe's. George Webb (whose full name, the announcements of the baby's birth revealed for the first time, is George Webb Frey) has two grown daughters by a previous marriage. Esther, groping back to reality through the mists of ether, knew by her husband's face that her child was a girl, instead of the hoped-for son. "I'm sorry, Daddy," she said weakly.

Doctors once said she could never have a baby.

THE LATEST NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE STARS AND STUDIOS

MARLENE DIETRICH is very much upset about the Von Sternberg affair. And the fact that the newspapers and gossip writers and Herr Von Sternberg's ex-wife mention her name in connection with that of her director hurts her feelings so that she might even go back to Germany in the spring and never return. We sympathize with the lovely Marlene—but, after all, how can any wide-awake gossip writer fail to connect their names without so much as a comma between them when Marlene is almost never seen in public without Von? The day after the lawsuit story broke in the papers, they went to the fights together, attired in white linen suits.

Another thing Marlene is tired of denying: that her husband returned to Europe for any other reason than to get back to work.

Lippman

Mae Madison and Ruth Hall thought they'd go out for the team this fall—but it looks as if the U. S. C. Trojans went out for Mae and Ruth, instead. Courageous lads—tackling a dangerous pair of charmers!

If it's action you want, watch for Tom Keene and his horse, *Flash*. They're co-starring in a new series of Westerns

INCIDENTALLY, the legal papers connected with Von Sternberg's alimony troubles mention his name as "Joseph Sternberg," minus his beloved "Von."

FANNY HOLZMAN, the woman lawyer (she helped Grace Tibbett divorce Lawrence), gave a very exclusive dinner party a few weeks ago. At least, the Richard Barthelmess' were there, which makes any party exclusive. So were Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer (who seems to be making a successful attack on the Swanson heart), and the Doug, Juniors. When everyone else had arrived, two late guests made their entrance—together. Laughing archly, sparkling Ina Claire swept in, arm in arm with—John Gilbert! Since then they have attended several functions together, proving that Jack was right in the message he sent Ina before the divorce. "When this is all over, we're going to be wonderful friends—"

MARY DUNCAN'S most intimate friends didn't suspect her marriage to Lewis Wood, Jr. until the groom finally spread the news three months after it occurred. Then Hollywood remembered that about that time Mary had suddenly blossomed out with a new car and other tokens of prosperity, which she had explained to curious inquirers by telling them that a relative had just died and left her a fortune.

BUT whether Mary Astor is married or not remains to be seen. Neighbors of a Doctor Thorne say that a frequent occupant of the doctor's car certainly resembles Mary, and there aren't many Mary Astors, even among Hollywood's beautiful women. But Mary shows amused surprise when asked about it. "My dear, it's the most curious thing!" she says. "I don't even know anybody by that name. I think," she adds mysteriously with sinister implication, "that somebody is spreading this rumor for a reason, and I think I know who it is, too—"

We thought that we would do a little sleuthing, so we called the private residences of all the

Hurrell

Leila Hyams invites you to look over a corner of her dining-room. Cabinet, chair and dishes are all Early American. (Also note the tan)

Those long legs of Charlotte Greenwood's! Young Stribling, visiting Hollywood, runs up against them and admits that Max Schmeling never boxed like this. Buster Keaton is backing her for the world's championship

Dr. Thornes in the telephone book and asked, "Is this the residence of the Dr. Thorne who recently married Mary Astor, the movie actress?" Indignant feminine voices answered sharply, "Nothing of the kind! Certainly not!" As a runner-down of rumors, we didn't seem so successful—but we wager that several Doctor Thornes had to do some tall explaining to their wives that night!

According to report, this mysterious "Dr. Thorne" first saw Mary when she was very ill—but fell in love just the same.

When Marjorie King's in her kitchen, the refrigerator isn't any cooler than she is. She wears short sleeves, short trousers and short socks

ON the corner of the street stood one of the prettiest brides in Hollywood. She looked at her wrist watch, then up the street. For thirty-five minutes she stood there—waiting. Then up drove a big car and out jumped Stuart Erwin, as late as any husband in the comic strips, and in he helped June Collyer—and as near as we could make out she didn't even mention the time. Or *can* you scold a husband and dimple at the same time?

MR. and Mrs. William Powell (Carole Lombard) and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin were among those who sent baskets of flowers (with silver wedding bells hanging from them) to wish Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason joy on their silver wedding anniversary. Another pair of newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, wired: "Can offer you twenty-five more years over the same route." John P. Medbury, the humorist, wired: "Most couples miss the silver wedding by about twenty-four years." "Congratulations on everything, especially Russell," wired the Edward Griffiths. "We will catch up with you in another seven years," ran the Jean Hersholts' telegram. Among the presents were silver bowls and cigarette boxes filled with silver dollars, and a silver dime from Robert Vignola labeled, "A depression gift in time of depression."

Lippman

Here's one answer to that question: "Why doesn't Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. put on weight?" He's too busy playing polo!

METRO is letting its news about its new screen sheik, Clark Gable, trickle out slowly to a breathless world. The latest bulletin is this: Clark's dressing-room is filled with books of poetry with many underlined passages.

CLARA BOW, stout and brown and hearty, dropped in at Paramount the other day to see her old friends. "Movies? Don't say movies to me!" she laughed. "I can't wait to get back to the ranch. I've never been so happy in my life." Situated in a remote part of the Great Valley, inaccessible to the curious, Rex Bell's ranch shelters Clara from prying eyes and whispering tongues. And that must be the happiness of Heaven for her. However, Clara has been reading scenarios submitted to her by one studio—along with a big starring offer. She may be back before you know it. Rumor has it that she is writing her autobiography at the ranch.

If You Want To Know What's Going On In Hollywood

THE strain of movie celebrity is proved by its latest victim, husky Eddie Lowe, who is threatened with a nervous breakdown from overwork. He made seven pictures last year, and has been under contract on salary steadily since 1923. Now the doctors tell him that he must leave Hollywood for four or five months. He and Lilyan Tashman (the Mrs.) are going to Europe. Lil, by the way, announces that she hopes for a Blessed Event "within a year at the earliest and three years at the latest." She says she has had all the desirable things of life except a child.

WHEN Thelma Todd was rented from comedy-producer Hal Roach by Roland West for a part in "Corsair," her name was changed *pro tem* to "Alison Loyd." "To keep any taint of comedy from clinging to her skirts," Mr. West explained. Hal Roach is burned up by this reflection on his business. He threatens to change Thelma's name to "Susie Dinkleberry" when she comes back to the home lot so that "no taint of drama will cling to her skirts."

WHEN the Motion Picture Relief Fund committee held a meeting the other day, it was presided over by Mary Pickford (wearing pale pink satin pajamas), and attended by Mrs. Conrad Nagel (wearing pale green pajamas) and Kay Francis (wearing henna-colored pajamas).

The most important news—about how much money the committee expects to have on hand this winter—didn't leak out.

WE would not be a bit surprised to hear at any moment that Ona Munson and director Ernst Lubitsch were quietly married. Or that Mona Maris and director Clarence Brown were ditto. Or that Constance Bennett and supervisor Henri de la Falaise were likewise. James Kirkwood has just married again and his ex-wife, Lila Lee, is likely to be married any day to John Farrow, scenarist.

JOHN BOLES has a fad. He loves to go to the murder trials in the Los Angeles County courthouse. But he doesn't want to be recognized. "I don't think," he says, gently, "that it would sound well for me to be interested in murders, do you?"

You didn't see much of Ruth Hall and Mae Madison a couple of pages back, so here's a second look. This is how they dressed for the Los Angeles Fiesta

AND who should be visiting the fashionable photographers on the Boulevard but a certain Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks! And what they wanted was to be photographed together, holding hands, looking into each others' eyes! Mary was burned up about stories hinting that she and Doug were contemplating divorce,

Melvyn Douglas turned in the best Broadway performance of last season in "Tonight Or Never." And Gloria Swanson insisted that he be her leading man in the screen version

and supposed to have come from her. "Never," said Mary, blazing, "never in all my life have I even thought such a thing!" It certainly didn't look that way in the photographs they had taken!

Doug is now going to fly to South America to film another travelogue. Mary will travel by boat and join him.

JOAN CRAWFORD, her hair brown again after its late blondeness, refuses to be perturbed over the reports that her husband Doug, Junior, has been seen out riding with Rose Hobart, with an extra girl, with anybody at all. Joan thinks it's jealousy. People don't like to have other people as happy as she and Doug are.

Kornman

It sorta looks as if the moths aren't going to get a chance at Ona Munson's bathing-suit this winter. She's still living in it and lolling in the sun. Dreaming of director Ernst Lubitsch, Ona?

Turn To Motion Picture And Read The Latest News

AND speaking of famous Hollywood romances that have been rumored on the rocks, apparently the Howard Hughes-Billie Dove attachment is really off. A wealthy rancher seems to be the successor of the young producer in the affections of Billie, who is one of the demurest beauties in Hollywood when it comes to telling her heart secrets. Howard Hughes took a little pleasure trip to Del Monte the other day with twenty-five guests in his train, among them Mickey Neilan, Oliver Hardy—and Genevieve Tobin.

HOWARD HUGHES by the way, has called off the production of "Queer People," the book that held Hollywood and its stars and writers up to ridicule. He gives as his reason "the impossibility of getting a cast." The story behind the statement shows what goes on behind the scenes in this amazing town. One of the newspaper women lampooned in "Queer People" was heard to declare that if she had any influence in town the picture never would be made. Whenever a director or star was mentioned for the picture, a gentle little item would appear in this lady's column, saying that So-and-So was such a fine director (or actor), it would be a pity to endanger his career by working on such a picture. That was all, but it apparently threw terror into their souls. For the lady was right—she *does* have influence in this town.

Richee

Remember "Keep the Home Fires Burning"? Here's the lad who wrote it—Ivor Novello, English actor. You'll see him in "Once a Lady"

Bull

Wonder what the babbling brook is telling Irene Purcell? This young stage player seems to have found a great place to dream about that screen future

Who's the better-dressed—Lilyan Tashman or Kay Francis? The girls get together in "Girls About Town," which may settle the long-standing argument—and, again, may not

SOMETIMES, when a player disappears temporarily from the screen, there are sentimental reasons. There is Alice Joyce, for instance, who deliberately spent the summer in getting acquainted with her two daughters. She lived quietly with them at the beach, and was evidently as successful as a mother as she always was as a star. "Mother, I think you're grand," her oldest daughter, fifteen, told her. "I'd even rather be with you than my friends!" Which is the greatest compliment she could have given her, as any mother of fifteen-year-old daughters would admit. The youngest, a vamp of nine, is popular with the junior element of the movies, but when the pint-sized Romeos come wooing, she remarks languidly, "Listen! Am-scray! Am-scray!" and turns a disdainful—and freckled—shoulder.

DO you sometimes wonder where movie stars go when they disappear? Remember Pat Somerset—the Great Lover of several years back? He's playing extra parts now. Remember Ella Hall, the blonde cutie? She's working in a shop in Los Angeles. Remember George Hackathorne? He's writing. Remember Fay Tincher? She's standing behind a counter, too. Sometimes the news is brighter. There's Alice White, for example—we bet you remember *her!* She has just been making a big hit in New York in vaudeville.

THE owner of a chain of magazines went to a party at a movie star's home recently and during the evening lost heavily at dice. Jean Harlow was the reason. Attired in stunning blue satin pajamas, setting off her platinum locks, Jean sat on the floor watching the game—and the publisher simply could not take his eyes off her. The dice would rattle from his nerveless hand without his glancing at them. At the end of the evening, he paid his considerable losses still in the same bemused state. He probably doesn't know yet whether he lost or won.

Jean's romances, by the way, seem to be languishing temporarily. Maybe she's too busy studying stenography. That's what she says she's doing in her spare time!

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CHIC SALE—the Actor Who's Never Himself

He says he couldn't act if he had to play Chic Sale. He never tries to be funny—he just tries to be human, and lets the comedy take care of itself. He never plays any but American characters—characters he knows. There are twenty-seven of them, no less —that's why he's a specialist!

By TERRENCE COSTELLO

Fryer

In circle, Chic Sale in person. At top, as a "cuckoo" spinster. Left, as the leader of a Culture Club. Below, as *Gran'pa Summerill*

CHARLES (CHIC) SALE is a tall, youngish man, as spare as a New England spinster and kind as a May morning. His voice is high-pitched and rasps faintly; it cracks a good deal. A musical comedy and vaudeville favorite for more than two decades, he still uses expressions like "My Gosh" and "Land Sakes." And he is the latest recruit from the New York stage to crash Hollywood in a big way.

He is a native of Urbana, Illinois. Now he lives in Beverly Hills, but there really isn't much difference. In the backyard of his present home there is a swing and a teeter-totter for his brood of children, fruit trees, a chicken run, and a goat in a pen erected by Chic himself. It is the only goat in Beverly Hills. "I like to have a little live stock around," he explains. "We always did have, back in Urbana."

He had the creative artist's usual hard time in getting started. Twenty-three years ago there was no basis for comparison by which managers might gauge his stuff. They were afraid their audiences might not find it funny. For five years he struggled along, begging for a chance, doing the tank circuits, the kerosene jumps. Then a big-time vaudeville scout happened to catch his act—and he got his chance. And clicked—and kept right on clicking.

With the decline of vaudeville, where he was the brightest of stars for so long, Chic made the switch to revues with no trouble. For the past seven years he has been appearing with great success in this form of entertainment. And now it seems that he is going to have the same good fortune in pictures. All of which should point some kind of an excellent moral on behalf of hard-working talent, decency, kindliness, and a sympathetic and shrewd understanding of human nature—as summed up in the lean person of Urbana's favorite son.

He's 27 Different People

CHIC has twenty-seven characters, the result of a lifetime of observation. In presenting them he uses no make-up other than wigs and beards. The changes come from inside, from his deep understanding of human ambitions, characteristics, frailties. He is continually going from one character to another to illustrate points in his conversation. One moment he is the leader of a Culture Club, seeking to bring a Little Theater to some unenlightened town; then he is a pint-sized braggart; a moron yokel; an old maid; a preacher—each different, each telling and true.

He says: "I never try to be funny. I present my types going seriously through their routines, and the comedy takes care of itself. It would be fatal for me to think 'Now I'm going to be funny.' Golly, I just couldn't! I just act out familiar people—and there you are."

His favorite character is *Gran'pa Summerill*, the chipper, testy old veteran of the Union Army who tickled the ribs and plucked the heartstrings of the nation in "The Star Witness." (He stole the picture from Walter Huston.) Chic speaks and thinks of his characters as people outside himself. To him they are real people. He knows their backgrounds, their likes and dislikes. Complimented by Jimmy Starr, the critic, at the opening of "The Star Witness," he turned the praise entirely over to the character of *Gran'pa Summerill*. "I always did like that old man," he began, and launched into a

(*Continued on page 95*)

IN THE VELVET NOW

After a slow start (for a Follies girl), Noel Francis is finally up in the featured class—which means that she has mounted the first pedestal of film fame. Producers seemed to have the odd idea that she was an artists' model, not an actress—but Noel is showing them! Did you see her in "Larceny Lane" and "Smart Woman"?

Russell Ball

How Hollywood Gets Its Wild Reputation

It's the newspapers that have painted Hollywood red—not the stars. Those "leading men," "film beauties" and "directors" you read about in hot headlines are usually unknowns. If you don't believe it, read this story, which rips apart all the legends of Hollywood's "wildness"

Ewing Galloway

HOLLYWOOD is wild! Everyone admits it. Even people in Los Angeles know Hollywood is wild, though they often drive through its peaceful streets without seeing any shootings or public scandals. They know it is wild because they read the daily papers.

And the farther one gets from Hollywood, the wilder it becomes. People a thousand miles away from the movie city relate more scandal about the town than one ever hears here. Two thousand miles away one hears twice as much. New York, three thousand miles away, of course, knows it all. If you can believe all you hear—and read—on Broadway, Hollywood is just a happy-hunting-ground for all the wayward girls and boys. Why, everybody out there has sex appeal—and nobody has any morals! Read your headlines!

Yet where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire. How does Hollywood get—and keep—its wild reputation?

Of course, we'll have to admit we've had our moments out here. We've had our Arbuckle cases, our William Desmond Taylor murders, our sordid Wally Reid and Alma Rubens tragedies. Our Mabel Normands have found themselves on the fringes of the Taylor and Courtland Dines shooting scrapes. We have had our tempestuous and very public love affairs, such as those between Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin, Negri and Valentino, Chaplin and Mildred Harris and Lita Grey, and our Clara Bow blow-ups. And we've had sensational divorces in our time.

Bygones Are Bygones

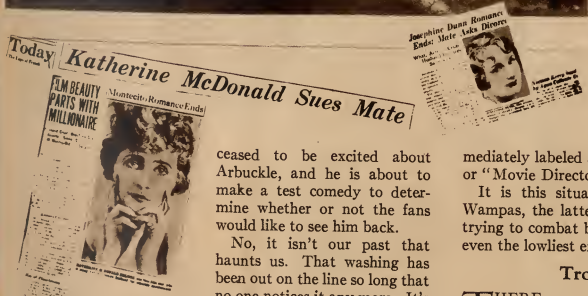
BUT most of those events, and you'll admit that they're the first to come to mind—happened so long ago that they cannot account for Hollywood's present reputation. Mabel Normand and Lew Cody had been conventionally—and happily—married for years before her death. Director William Desmond Taylor was murdered ten years ago, and his murderer has never been found—nor has his chauffeur. Mary Miles Minter, Taylor's protegée, has become fat and hasn't appeared in pictures for years. Valentino is dead, Mildred Harris and Lita Grey are off the screen. After ten years, the women's clubs have

Los Ange uer

WIFE TELLS COURT STORY OF WHIPPING 'OTHER WOMAN'!

By ROBERT A. DONALDSON

Below, you have an excellent panoramic view of Hollywood, which looks like a city of homes to anybody on the spot. But the world doesn't see Hollywood from this angle. Instead, it sees the newspaper headlines (samples at right and at bottom) and gets the idea that the Movie Capital is the Whoopee Capital of the universe



ceased to be excited about Arbuckle, and he is about to make a test comedy to determine whether or not the fans would like to see him back.

No, it isn't our past that haunts us. That washing has been out on the line so long that no one notices it any more. It's our present that's giving us our wild reputation. And that present generates directly from the newspaper headlines that originate in none other than our own local papers.

Let anyone who has ever had any connection with the movies get into any sort of trouble—and immediately the fact is given prominence, even banner-lined, by our local newspapers and picked up by the wire associations and carried to the world. The people in question, although they may have worked but a few days as "extras" months or years ago, or may have been second assistant directors, prop men, or camera boys, are immediately labeled as "Prominent Movie Actress," "Film Man," or "Movie Director."

It is this situation which the Hays organization and the Wampas, the latter being the organization of press-agents, are trying to combat by having truthful information on hand about even the lowliest extra. (Los Angeles papers please copy!)

Trouble's Bound to Happen

THERE are some 17,000 extras, of all types, registered at the Central Casting Bureau. For the most part they are a reputable lot. They don't stay very long in pictures if they aren't—Central Casting sees to that. In such a large group of

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Stars Who Are Victims Of Their Stardom

How can they lead normal lives—when you expect them to be heroes and heroines in private life, too? They are human sacrifices to the legends that have grown up around them. Only a few—like Nancy Carroll, Marlene Dietrich and Lupe Velez—have the courage to shatter those traditions!

By Gladys Hall

EVEN though the world comes to know that she does have a sense of humor, can Greta Garbo really shatter the legend that she is the loneliest woman alive? Even if Ronald Colman should give up his hermit's existence, could he shake off that title of "the man of mystery"? Once a tradition fastens on the film famous, can they ever hope to tear away that tradition and still keep their fame? Do they even dare to try?

The most sensational example of an overpowering legend is the one that young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and young Joan Crawford Fairbanks have inherited from Pickfair. They have to Live Up to Pickfair, these two ardent, modern young people. They have inherited the formalities, the Victorian ideals, the aloof standards of the elder Douglas and wife. It is against the rules to depart from the established code, to show interest in anyone else, to do anything that might cause rumors. It is Not Done at Pickfair.

How can Joan and young Doug—how could any spirited young couple—live up to such a tradition?

It has been rumored, of late, that the younger Fairbankses are not Living Up To It. Joan told me about the rumors herself, furious with indignation. It is hissed, for instance, that *Joan has stopped making hooked rugs.* Imagine the shock in Hollywood when the heirs to the Pickfair tradition deviate like that! It may seem trivial to you. You may assume that if a girl gets tired of making hooked rugs she has a right to give 'em to the rag-man and be damned to 'em. That's because you don't understand. It isn't the hooked rug so much as *what the hooked rug stands for.* Joan began her married life by hooking rugs, so to speak. If Mary Pickford had begun her married life hooking rugs, she would have hooked until her fingers bled to the very bone. *If you're in the public eye, you can't stop what you have started—no matter what it is.*

Nancy Carroll looks like the kind of girl who would stay married for keeps—but she dared to get a divorce and marry a second time

No More Romancing in Public?

THEN there are other terrible portents. In public, Joan no longer calls young Douglas *Dodie.* Young Douglas no longer calls Joan *Jodie.* They have ceased being photographed in postures of mutual adoration. When Joan gives out an interview she is as apt to talk about Clark Gable or the origin of the Drama as of Doug's favorite color in socks. It has been stagily whispered that young Doug is "stepping out." So far as Joan knows—and she knows plenty—and so far as anyone else knows, the stepping out consists of young Doug's looking with perfectly human appreciation upon any charming lady, from Greta Garbo to Rose Hobart to an extra girl in a picture.

The point is not whether Joan has turned her beautiful back upon the ancient and honorable custom of hooking rugs or whether young Doug, emerging from the honeymoon mists, is

When Marlene Dietrich was destined for a great career as a siren, press-agents didn't want her to talk about her little girl. But Marlene dared!

Noah Beery is one of the best bad men on the screen, but he puts away his famous sneer when he takes off his make-up. Try to make some fans believe it, though!

Will Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. have to honeymoon all their lives, just because they started out that way?

Lupe Velez was the heroine of one of Hollywood's great romances, but when love grew cold, she had the courage to break with Gary Cooper

Because Charles Bickford is a fighter on the screen, fans expect him to scrap off the screen. Does this explain his quarrels with employers?

newly aware that beautiful women still exist outside the portals of the home. The point is that these two have inherited an impossible tradition and if they try to break it, it will also try to break them.

They will not be allowed, these two, to have folksy little quarrels on their own hearth-rug. They will not be permitted legitimate admirations for other young men and other young women. They will not be able to do anything they did not do in the beginning of their married life. Because Pickfair does not change, they dare not change, either.

No one should be expected to live up to the tradition of Pickfair. Mary and Doug started their married life together with a policy of exclusiveness impossible to a younger and more radical generation. Mary never danced with any man but Doug. Doug never danced with any girl but Mary. Mary never removed her wedding ring from her finger. Mary prefaced her every thought with "Doug thinks" or "Doug says." Mary and Doug never went to average whoopee parties to have an average whoopee good time. Only titles of one sort or another were admitted to the sacred precincts of Pickfair. They have lived, these two, in an isolation more difficult to penetrate than the isolation of blooded royalty. People say, "If anything should go wrong at Pickfair, *it would be a blow to the whole movie industry.*"

How It Hits Doug and Mary

THIS is the coat of mail handed down to the young scions of the House of Pickfair—a coat of mail that must weigh heavily on the Pickfairians themselves. They, too, are sacrifices. For when Douglas, Senior, felt like taking a little trip alone after ten years, rumor waged a red and ribald tongue. When Mary is seen lunching or dining without Doug, there are whispers. Mary and Doug, always together. That is the legend. They must not—cannot—violate it.

They must get *tired* of being deities—all of them. They must long to go about with freckled faces, last year's clothes, whatever boy-friend or girl-friend they may desire.

I have heard on good authority that Garbo is really sick to death of her tradition of exclusiveness. She would like to rub elbows with you and you and you. She would like to have a human good time, be a good scout. But she dares not break—just yet—the Tradition surrounding her more forcibly than the walls of a jail.

John Barrymore must be weary of the legend that he's fantastic. He must loathe to be expected to make an unexpected gesture on the most humdrum occasion. No doubt his desire for a normal home life, a wife who is domestic and not too careful of her figure, a baby and then more babies, is a reaction from the dramatic public existence he must lead.

Even Chaplin must be sick of the terrific tradition he has built up around himself. Doubtless that is why he prefers to live in Europe, where he can shed the mantle of the Genius and be just

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Try to keep track of Hollywood It Just Can't Be Done!

Everybody's "eloping" these days and hoping to hide the marriage license and the wedding ring. Lew Ayres and Lola Lane are just two who HAVE done it. There are others who are on the verge—if they haven't succeeded already!

There wasn't anything to prevent Lew Ayres and Lola Lane from marrying in Hollywood—but they "eloped" to Las Vegas, Nevada. If they hadn't met a reporter, their marriage would have been a secret

These Couples Fooled Hollywood With Surprise Marriages:

Mary Duncan and Lewis Wood, Jr.

Lew Ayres and Lola Lane.

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin.

Nancy Carroll and Bolton Mallory.

Margaret Livingston and Paul Whiteman.

By NANCY PRYOR

REMEMBER the days when every screen star "told all"? Remember when the heart was worn on the sleeve and intimate revelations of one's Love Life were just so much fodder for the grinding presses? That's all changed now.

Maybe Greta (Secrets) Garbo started it. Maybe the lesser darlings looked around, took note of the fact that the Queen was mum, and decided to do likewise. And, again, maybe the depression started it. Secret weddings are certainly cheaper! But whatever the cause, Hollywood has become just about as free and easy with her love secrets, impending marriages, engagements, etc., as a hard-shut oyster.

Secret romances, secret marriages, secret love affairs are in order—and it's just "all too dreadful" when the happy news leaks out. You wonder why. "All the world loves a lover" and marriages are really much more flattering publicity than divorces (which aren't secret at all). Witness the Estelle Taylor-Jack Dempsey break-up and that of the Lawrence Tibbetts.

Love is such a secret lately that Hollywood is being cheated out of those nice formal weddings that flourished three or four years ago. Remember May McAvoy and her dazzling bridesmaids?—and Carmel Myers and the costly veil?—and that grand affair that Samuel Goldwyn threw for Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque?—and the spotlight that followed Ruth Roland down the aisle to meet Ben Bard? Those were the good old days before Las Vegas came into vogue. Las Vegas and Yuma—both in Arizona, beyond the reach of California's law that you must file intention-to-wed three days in advance.

Now they're all running away to get married, and hiding, and hoping no one will find them out. Right up to the time the wedding bells ring out—though most of them are married by justices, and there aren't any wedding bells—they're even denying they are in love with one another. Why?

Lew and Lola "Eloped"

LEW AYRES and Lola Lane almost fainted when they accidently ran into a Los Angeles reporter on the steps of the Las Vegas Court House. "Gee," they breathed, "we

Marriages —

didn't want this to get out!" Inasmuch as Lew and Lola had been rumored engaged for the last couple of years, the young reporter's surprise was pardonable.

Upon investigation it turned out that there weren't any studio difficulties, either. Lew had just signed a brand-new contract with Universal and there was no clause to the effect that he might not be married when the whim and the girl suited him. Many players fall back on the old gag, "It hurts me with my public and jeopardizes my contract," as an excuse for secret marriage. But this wasn't true in the case of Lew and Lola. A week before they were married, the studio took pictures of them together. At the time, an official asked Lew if he was planning to take the big step soon. When Lew answered "Maybe," the official just grinned. That doesn't look as though the boy was in for a scolding.

Yet, for the purpose of their marriage, Lola and Lew slipped away in the dead of night, drove frantically to Las Vegas and arrived in time to be married the following morning. It must be that secrets, like the bride's bouquet, are fashionable.

June and Stuart in a Rush

JUNE COLLYER and Stuart Erwin pulled a "secret" elopement to Yuma, Arizona, and were married in as much haste and mystery as Lew and Lola.

"To be perfectly frank," explains June, "I don't believe we actually planned to keep our marriage a secret. We decided to get married so hurriedly that it was almost a surprise to ourselves. At the last minute I called a couple of my girl-friends, canceled a luncheon engagement for the following day, told them something vague about 'being out of town' and Stu and my two brothers and I set out for Yuma immediately."

For a little while Hollywood gossiped that June's sudden and secret elopement was for the very good reason that she feared that her parents (who belong to Manhattan's Four Hundred) might object to the marriage. But the news had no more than hit the front page when Mother and Dad Heermance called up from New York to bestow their blessings on the happy young couple.

Margaret Livingston traveled all the way to Denver to marry Paul Whiteman—but she wouldn't admit it until after the ceremony was over. Several days previous, when reporters were begging her to let them know the time and place, Margaret merely smiled mysteriously and murmured: "Perhaps you had better see Mr. Whiteman." And Mr. Whiteman, when seen, would say: "Perhaps you had better see Miss Livingston." There weren't any paternal objections to Margaret and Paul. There weren't any studio clauses. But the good old fad of secrets was preserved. People even began to suspect they were already married.

Are These Secretly Married?

Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer?

Constance Bennett and the Marquis?

Mary Astor and Dr. Thorne?

Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson?

Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie?

International

Is Gloria Swanson married to Michael Farmer (above)? Gloria says her divorce from the Marquis isn't final, but—

Mary Thought Secrecy Best

MARY DUNCAN practically swooned when the three-months-old "secret" of her marriage to Lewis Wood, Jr., leaked out. "I really hadn't wanted anyone to know," Mary laughingly protested. "We had been so lucky about keeping our secret—I thought we could keep it indefinitely. At least, I had hoped we could . . . We thought it best to try to keep it a dark secret," explained

(*Continued on* 105)

When John Barrymore picked her out of the extra ranks to be his leading lady, Marian Marsh thought she knew what it was like to reach dizzy heights in a hurry. And then she went to New York on vacation—and revised all her ideas. She was whizzed to the top of the Hotel White and given a glimpse of some of those man-made mountains. Behind her at the left is the Daily News Building, which is quite a pile of stone. Farther away are the peaks of Tudor City, a range of apartments

Marian Looks Over Mt. Chrysler and Manhattan's High Open Places

Marian journeys uptown to the Washington Memorial Bridge — towering suspension bridge across the mile-wide Hudson, now nearing completion—and asks a couple of laborers what it's like to work on anything That High. "Mum, you feel like a boid wid-out wings!"

No matter what you do in New York, you're likely to have a high old time, Marian discovers. You can even get an elevated feeling playing minnie golf. (Marian found a course on top of the hotel.) That mighty peak in the background is Mt. Chrysler, the second highest mountain in Manhattan. More cliff-dwellers work there every day than there are people in all the studios of Hollywood

Photos by Fryer

JOAN LOOKS OVER MT. WHITNEY AND CALIFORNIA'S WIDE OPEN SPACES

Being a New Yorker, Joan Blondell had the idea that skyscrapers were the tallest things in the U. S. And then she went on a vacation in the High Sierras, out in God's Country, where God made all the mountains. She's cheerfully changing her ideas above

Since leaving the Follies and coming out West, Joan has climbed up in the world—but she hasn't been anywhere yet, she admits, after glimpsing Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the U. S. (above). Two days later, without benefit of elevators, she is almost on a level with the clouds (left). New York was never like this!

Photos by Fryer

Joan has seen plenty of those high Manhattan huts called penthouses — but here's the first house she ever glimpsed that actually scrapes the sky. You don't hear any traffic here, or smell any soft-coal smoke. It's one of the rest lodges part way up Mt. Whitney, and Joan had to do some walking to reach it in one day

John Darrow

Gene Raymond

Robert Young

All of them are newcomers, all are shown that they can act. Right now, but when they outgrow that, a few

Tom Douglas

Donald Dilloway

Hardie Albright

Which of these Boys Will

By ELISABETH

IT WOULD take a master mind to keep track of all the ambitious and handsome young men who have recently descended upon Hollywood in hordes, with stardom as their goal. It almost requires genius to wade through the masses of blond pompadours and dark wavy heads and to come out knowing which is which and who is worth remembering.

Not everybody can distinguish between Kent Douglass, Kent Taylor, and Tom Douglas, especially as Kent's real name is Douglass Montgomery and he might easily be confused with Metro-Goldwyn's Robert.

Moreover, who's to tell which is Robert Williams and which is Warren William? Or to recognize the hopeful faces of Charles Starrett, James Dunn, Ralph Bellamy, and Richard Cromwell, and to say offhand which is Richard Barthelmess' alleged "successor" and which is Charlie Farrell's? Yet a flock of these boys are going to stay right in Hollywood and grow up to be big stars whose coat-buttons will be pulled off at openings. *Who are they?*

This year's crop of new heroes seems to run to flaming youth. The town is flooded with juveniles—some almost too young to shave, and some just perennial *Peter Pans* who will never grow up. Youth can be a handicap, and the best breaks will probably go to those who look like men rather than appealing boys.

Kent Douglass, as good an actor as any of them, has suffered from too much youth. He is charming-looking, but he hasn't quite the conventional appearance and bearing to be a leading man. On the other hand Kent can't just stand around. He has to have a real part, and real parts for juveniles are rare—on the screen. A movie juvenile usually has to be a young weakling.

This Boy's Independent

HE DISTINGUISHED himself by making a great success in "Waterloo Bridge" and then leaving Hollywood flat. He's passionately fond of acting and knows he'll get better parts on the stage and that is that—though Hollywood still thinks he's insane. Kent will be a serious loss to the local stages. Picture people are getting entirely too sedate these days. But Kent would throw himself around temperamentally, give his all, and keep the atmosphere charged with excitement. He turned down a big screen contract to return to Broadway.

By this time everyone in the country has seen and sobbed over "Bad Girl," or should take steps to do so at once. The big surprise of "Bad Girl" is James Dunn. He is now being teamed with Janet Gaynor in "Heart Free," and misguided press-agents have referred to him so often as Charlie Farrell's successor that everyone would expect him to be sweet and naïve. No, no! It isn't so. There is something in Jimmy's profile vaguely reminiscent of the Farrell features, but that's as far as the resemblance goes. He's distinctly not in the hearts-and-flowers class. It's beginning to look as if he's in a class by himself.

If Jimmy would keep his coat on and his hair plastered down, he'd almost be a slick city chap. But he prefers to be mussed up—a pose that goes very well with his breezy enthusiasm and boyish smile. Jimmy has a good chance for success because he can act, and he's not so boyish as to be branded a juvenile.

Then there's Ralph Bellamy, who played the blind man in "The Magnificent Lie." Ralph somehow gives the impression of being a big outdoor man who has just stepped into his first rôle, still windswept and unsullied.

Eric Linden

John Breeden

handsome, and most of them have some are handicapped by their youth—are going to be stars. Who are they?

Kent Taylor

be Big Stars Tomorrow?

GOLDBECK

He plays cattle foremen and other flannel-shirted characters most convincingly, but that just proves what a good actor Mr. Bellamy is. For the fact is that he has never been anything but a trouper. He ran away from home and played Shakespeare on the road to avoid going to Princeton. Since then, except for one season as a bell-hop, he has cleaved to the stage. No matter what play you mention, Ralph has played in it.

Ralph's a Man of Action

HE IS shy by nature. But experience has taught him to control his blushes, and his diffidence now passes for quiet confidence. Ralph was divorced on a recent Friday, and married again on Saturday, so you can see that he's a man of action, if of few words. He comes under the head of real he-men. His powerful build and mature manner place him definitely beyond the juveniles and the pitfalls that beset them.

Robert Williams is that funny man—the little dark one who seems to have such a sense of humor, but who sobbed in such an embarrassing way when he lost Ina Claire in "Rebound." Fate never destined Robert to get the girl. But all the world loves a loser, and Robert shows promise of having a lasting popularity in pictures. He dispenses a brand of nonsense that few screen actors can handle, and in "The Common Law" he seemed to have settled down as the Charlie Ruggles of Pathé.

Warren William—just to get this thing straightened out—is the man with the Barrymore profile and hair graying romantically at the temples. He works at the Warner Brothers studio, he's almost twice the size of Robert, and he has no "s" on his name, so there's no excuse for confusing them. So far—in "Expensive Women" for instance— Warren has also been the disappointed lover. But his profile really entitles him to share in the final clinch, and it's only a matter of time now before he'll be doing the hero stuff.

Another Bob Montgomery?

OVER at Metro-Goldwyn, Robert Young—no relation to Roland Young—seems to be the young hopeful. His fine features, dark head and lively personality gave the executives a thrill when they ran his screen test, and won him a part in "Lullaby," starring the superlative Helen Hayes. Though Bob describes himself as "serious by nature," director Sam Wood, who discovered him in the Pasadena Playhouse, thinks he's the Robert Montgomery type. One of them must be wrong. But at any rate, whether solemn or gay, hot or cold, Bob is considered the best bet among M-G-M's new contract players.

Dartmouth's gift to Paramount was a double-barreled one. Charles Starrett and Allen Vincent were classmates in the old college days, and they've been pals ever since, though they're as different as salt and pepper.

"I'm first a father, then a football player, and last an actor," proclaims Charlie proudly. If there's anything else you need to know about his character after that, you can find it out by taking one look at his deep-set eyes. Charlie is earnest, reliable, and sincere, in addition to having a tall football build and long eyelashes. He's the type who sets the girls heaving and sighing when he puts his heart in his work and gets very intense about it all.

Twin sons are the cause of his parental ardor, and they have had a direct bearing on his career. Coming as something of a surprise,

(*Continued on page* 103)

Allen Vincent

Ralph Bellamy

Charles Starrett

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

Let's Get It Straight About Janet Gaynor

You may think you know Janet Gaynor, but you'll change your ideas—and know her better! —after reading this story. Here is a brand-new slant on the quiet little redhead, who has never before taken the trouble to tell these facts about herself

JANET GAYNOR is not, and never has been, as insipid as her biographers would have you believe. She just hasn't done anything to make you believe otherwise. That's because she doesn't take herself as seriously as most colorful stars do.

"Dream-child" . . . "Pensive waif." . . . "Misunderstood, unhappy, wistful little girl"—these have been the sum and substance of the public impression of Janet. Combined with the illusion of her screen rôles, it has not been bad publicity (though a little dull—which Janet is decidedly *not*).

For two reasons, she hasn't done anything to change the notion of her "wispiness." One, it is a rather nice impression to give in this grabby materialistic world. Two, Janet is too calmly and contentedly lazy to do anything about it.

Laziness is not a fault in Janet. It is merely a characteristic induced by nature and a frail constitution, which makes her conserve every whit of her strength. People, rather than events, tire her. In a room full of strangers, she actually seems to wilt. During spare moments at the studio, between scenes, she lies down.

She adores to be massaged. She is, in fact, something of a massage addict. Not the brow-beating, flesh-bruising massages of the professional reducers—but the more gentle, drowsy strokes of a "back-scratcher." Janet has an appointment with her masseuse every day when she returns home from the studio. It is a rite that she cannot forego.

Not the Dieting Type

WHEN she is not working, she likes to lie in bed until noon take a brisk plunge into the ocean in her front yard, don yellow lounging pajamas and then lunch bountifully. None of this diet stuff for Janet. She can do very nicely with a luncheon consisting of a fruit or fish cocktail, two heman lamb chops, a vegetable or two, a salad and a dessert.

It is a commonly accepted belief that she does not care much for social life. To the contrary, I know of no girl who gets into the spirit of a party more than Janet. She is game for anything from playing cards (the only two games she knows are Black Jack and Hearts) to gossiping about the latest pictures. She particularly likes "cat" parties composed only of women. Invariably, at these affairs, when luncheon is over and the girls have rallied about for afternoon chatter, Janet will stretch out on the floor, her exquisite mop of red hair pushed back against a cushion like a contented kitten. Occasionally, she very slowly sips a cocktail. She rarely has more than one. Her self-imposed limit is not due to any dislike for the pink-and-yellow mixtures that pass as party cocktails—but they give her headaches. She does not smoke.

Like every other normal human being, she relishes talk of men

(*Continued on page* 97)

The Real Janet Gaynor

She's as frail as she looks, and one of the few persons in the world who *has* to be lazy.

She likes to sip a cocktail, but does not smoke.

She wouldn't say "yes" or "no" to the question: Should a girl have "experience" before matrimony?

As much as she likes parties, she doesn't like to give them.

In public she tries to act as people expect her to be. In private she may do a wicked hula.

She doesn't know many stars intimately, which may explain her "crushes" on some of the boys (Montgomery and Gable, for example).

She doesn't call Charles Farrell "Charlie," but "Farrell." Calls herself "Gaynor." Calls husband Lydell Peck, "Pecky."

If a picture of hers is good, she gives all the credit to the director. If it's just so-so, he gets all the blame.

She hasn't any ambition to be a great dramatic artist.

She doesn't like men to think of her as a "little girl."

Harold Dean Carsey

A LITTLE LIGHT IN THE HAND AND A BIG LIGHT IN THE EYES

Without straining your eyes, you can see that Greta Nissen is upholding the old Viking tradition of daring. But where the Vikings needed strong sails and a compass to reach America, all that Greta needed to reach Hollywood was a seductive Norwegian accent and a come-hithering, withering look in her eyes. Her talent for shouldering her way to stardom did the rest

Waiting for the Breaks as the Telephone Rings

All the players in Hollywood—from the biggest stars to the lowliest extras—are summoned to work by the tingling of a telephone. If your 'phone doesn't ring, it's bad news. If it does ring, it may be the signal that your Big Break is here at last. In any case, you spend hour after hour beside the 'phone, waiting for something to happen

BY CHARLES GRAYSON

HAVE you ever had to wait for a 'phone to ring, wait for hours on end, wait with both hope and dread in your heart? Have you ever had to wait for days—weeks—MONTHS—for the jangle of that bell in the box on the wall? Has a length of telephone cord ever been the possible link between you and fame (or failure), between you and amazing riches (or poverty)?

If these experiences have ever happened to you, you have had a sample of what it is like to live in Hollywood, to be a screen player. For in Hollywood, the telephone is god. That little black instrument rules every player's life, whether he's great or small or in-between. Before he works, before he becomes famous or wealthy, before the public ever sees him, the 'phone has to ring . . .

It would be impossible to compute the number of hours that picture people have listened for that ever-thrilling *br-r-r-ring*—the signal that the chance, the bright opportunity, or perhaps the Big Break itself is at hand. And if some master mathematician should be able to add up all these heavy hours—who could ever total the heartaches, the killing suspense, the ever-increasing disappointment brought on by the fact that all through the city small telephone bells remain prophetically silent?

The Agony of Waiting

"I'VE WAITED for that damned thing to ring for a year and a half," Walter Browne Rogers exclaimed the other evening, pointing accusingly at his telephone. "And if it doesn't pretty soon—with something good—I'm either going crazy or going home. Why, I take nine newspapers just to keep from going nuts, sitting around my room waiting."

"Don't be foolish," Russell Gleason told him. "It's only a matter of time before your number will come up again. Why, after we finished 'All Quiet' you had to turn down six jobs because of sickness. Things are apt to start breaking again for you any day. The only trouble is, you've let that 'phone get in your hair. Get away from it—get out and play—forget it entirely, and then—"

"And then," interrupted Gavin Gordon, "when his important call does come, he's apt to miss it entirely. Look what happened to me: a lead opposite Garbo in 'Romance' as my first picture—and because I wasn't ready for it, I got off to a bad start. Nothing else turned up for months, while I waited indoors for a 'phone call, as shut away from Hollywood as a monk in a cell. Then M-G-M called me for 'The Divorcée,' for the light

Ray Jones

Ray Jones

C. E. Day

Phil Friedman, casting director at Universal (above) is ringing somebody's 'phone with the glad news. Evelyn Brent (upper left) hears that she is being *considered* for a part. Walter Browne Rogers (lower left) says he's going home—or crazy—if his 'phone doesn't ring soon. Lew Cody (upper right) takes it easy while waiting. Bette Davis (lower right) calls her 'phone booth "the devil's den" because of the agonies endured there

kind of rôle that I do best. But that day I'd stepped out for a breath of fresh air at Agua Caliente, and they didn't know where to reach me. Bob Montgomery was given the part—and you know what it did for him."

"Aw nuts," said Ben Alexander. "When you guys have been in this racket as long as I have, you won't be sitting around worrying yourselves bald about calls." Ben, in his early twenties, has had nearly a score of years' experience since those days when he was Little Ben Alexander of "Jack and the Beanstalk" fame. He has a tendency to be bored with the feverishness of his con-

Lippman

Lippman

Welborn

Longworth

Perched beside two telephones (no less), Ona Munson is all ready for a summons to work—and then a gossip-writer calls. Note her expression. Roland Young (upper right) draws caricatures and writes verse while waiting. George E. Stone (lower right) ponders whether he'll take the part. Boris Karloff (upper left) hears that he's wanted for another character rôle. Edward G. Robinson (lower left) doesn't have to wait long between calls

temporaries. "If they want you they'll find you," he added flatly. "Say, they hire detectives to hunt up players they want!"

"They'd know where to find you," Billy Bakewell told him, "working out at the Y.M.C.A.—but how about people who don't hang out in one place all the time? And even if you don't stay at home the way Walter does, waiting for something to break, you can't exactly enjoy yourself, no matter how swell the party, if you think you're missing something by being there."

Available at All Times

BILL'S statement touches one of the most sensitive places in this whole serio-comic business of waiting for the 'phone to ring. I have seen Bakewell himself give implicit instructions to attendants at the Beach Club to get him—even if they have to swim out to the raft to do so—if the studio should call. And the same is true of dozens of other veterans of unhappy experiences with missed calls.

Newcomers to Hollywood soon learn the importance of being at all times available. Frances Starr, the former Belasco star, who was the tortured mother in "Five-Star Final," got in her car immediately after the picture was finished, and started on a trip to the mountains. She did not leave word where she could be located, as work on her next picture, "The Star Witness," was not scheduled to begin for several days, giving her plenty of time for a vacation. But the studio decided to push up production, and there was a call for Frances five days ahead of schedule. No one knew where to find her And she wasn't found—until a radio broadcast, which reached her ears at Lake Arrowhead, brought her scurrying back to town.

No such accident is apt to happen to Helen Chandler. When she isn't working she watches the telephone like a hawk, and this despite the fact that she and her novelist-husband, Cyril ("Wife of the Centaur") Hume, have three servants. It seems, however, that Helen is possessed of remarkable psychic powers—she apparently knows when to stay home and wait, and when she can take a chance and jaunt off to her favorite beach club.

Between pictures, Lew Cody can go off without a qualm to his "Lighthouse," ten miles up the Coast from Malibu, even though there is no telephone at the seaside home. The reason is that Jim, the colored servant who has been with him for nine years, can be counted on to stand guard over the instrument at the actor's Beverly Hills house, and relay information quickly to Lew.

Roland Young, on the other hand, prefers to get his calls firsthand. He employs himself amusingly while waiting for the bell. In a beautiful little study off the living-room of his home he sits—surrounded by books, toy penguins, relics of his stage successes, a sketching board and many sharp pencils. Here he draws and writes such verses as are to be found in his book, "Not For Children."

James Gleason, too, draws while under call; but these are products of an extreme nervousness, and have a touch of the weird about them. Jimmy has little of the composure of his son Russell in regard to the little black god. To the genial Gleason *fils*, the 'phone is just a lump of metal and cord which, if it doesn't bring good news one day, will probably bring it the next.

Disregard it though Russell may, there is one young man in Hollywood who never again will be able to look at a telephone without a certain feeling of gratitude. This is Charles Starrett, Paramount's new leading man. Starrett, who was featured in Varick Frissell's ill-fated "The Viking," was packing his grips to return to Labrador with Frissell for retakes. Just as he was leaving his apartment for the taxi the 'phone rang. It was a call from Paramount, offering him a long-term contract. He accepted, and the boat sailed without him—to blow up shortly afterward in the ice fields, killing Frissell and several others of the party.

A nice little local custom, calculated to put the calmest set of nerves on edge, is that of sending notification slips to a player under consideration for a part. These slips merely state that

(*Continued on page* 104)

Lippman

There's just one thing wrong with honeymoons—they always end and you have to get back in the saddle again. In William Powell's case, even his horse is sympathetic. For Bill—who now is making "The Gentleman from San Francisco"—is one of the happiest bridegrooms you ever saw. Just as Carole Lombard Powell is one of the happiest brides. The story opposite tells you why!

Why I Married Bill Powell

He is the only man whose intelligence I've ever respected, says Carole Lombard, who, for the first time, tells the inside story of her courtship and marriage, and why she believes she's the happiest bride in Hollywood

By GLADYS HALL

Dyar,

Carole expects to act two or three more years — and then go domestic in earnest

IF YOU think that Carole Lombard Powell must be an unusual kind of bride, you are about to discover your error. And if you suppose that William Powell must be a different kind of bridegroom, you're as poor a guesser as a football expert. The only way they are unusual is that they are unusually bride-and-groom-ish for a pair of Hollywood newlyweds.

Carole used to be known as rather "hard" and scornful and given to stories NOT for children. Bill was rated everywhere as suave, sophisticated and polished. But they're through playing those rôles. Love has rubbed away their superficial surfaces and they are human, after all. They are a young couple getting the biggest thrill of their lives. They are decidedly Like That. They are languid and longing when apart, and unable to talk about much but one another. They hold hands when together. They stay at home evenings.

There has been quite a bit in print anent the Lombard-Powell romance and marriage—the why and wherefore of it. There is also much that has not been printed. Now that she has had a few weeks in which to think things over, Carole has things to say that she has never said before.

That first meeting of theirs on a studio set—it assumes a proportion now that it didn't have then or even immediately after. She had been a fan of his. (She has neglected to state this before.) She had always thought he had a certain something she had never met in any man before. She was a very busy girl without much time to analyze herself, but when she did have time she knew that the Powell personality made her rather —well, *restless*.

In that moment of their introduction, she declares, they actually and physically *felt something click*. She fell in love with him for his intelligence, as nearly as she can label it now, looking back over her left shoulder. You see, she had never met an intelligent actor before. She had encountered the wisecracking, smart, with-a-patter type, yes. Intelligence is of different stuff. Bill fell in love with Carole the instant he saw her. He can't say why—even now. He just waves his hands and says, "Oh, *everything* . . . ." There is nothing about Carole he would change. Not one thing.

Longworth

This is how Bill and Carole smiled on their return from their honeymoon in Hawaii. Their marriage looks like the "so-they-lived-happily-ever-after" kind

Within ten minutes of that first meeting, Bill was saying, "I think marriage is the *only* ideal state, don't you?"

And he didn't expect that Carole would see through the naïveté he so pitifully tried to make sound like a casual comment. But she did. She remembers that she did—now. A shrewd and perceptive person, this fair-haired, gray-eyed Lombard lass.

Carole *didn't* think that marriage was the ideal state for her. She had never been married, but she has those gray eyes, widely set and comprehensive. And she has used them—ever since, when a child of sixteen, she entered a studio and began her evasions of married men. It doesn't make very pleasant hearing—Carole telling about the men. One man, now a star, tried to —well, it took an electrician on the set to call off the dog. It was this sort of thing that developed in Carole a form of protective coloration. She had to pretend to be hard. She had to tell funny stories to ward off amorous advances. She had to be scornful to those

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The PICTURE

Reviews Of The

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME

The Irish Make It Worth Seeing: There is much that is moving and stirring throughout this picture and the startling likeness of J. Farrell MacDonald to the late beloved Knute Rockne keeps sentiment alive. Whatever faults this picture of the romance and drama of college athletics has are the typical movie faults of focusing the camera too steadily on high-salaried stars.

Stock shots of Notre Dame and real football games, and the too infrequent glimpses of the battered visages of grid heroes like Carideo and Adam Walsh and the Four Horsemen are more interesting than the artificial story built around handsome Lew Ayres and Billy Bakewell. As for the premise that a football player could throw a game to a rival university out of jealousy of another more popular player, and then redeem himself by a spectacular play in the next game—well, ask any man on the team!

NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD

Breezy and Entertaining: Fast and furious fun results in the latest translation of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" to the screen. At cursory examination William Haines does not seem physically suited to play the rotund character of George Randolph Chester's conception. Nor does Ernest Torrence conform to the fictional appearance of *Blackie Daw.* Yet neither Haines nor Torrence has had a better vehicle since the M-G-M lion began to roar. And, too, there is Jimmie Durante about whose comic abilities pages could be written.

Wallingford's new adventures lead him and his two associates to a small town where his confidence game, unexpectedly, turns honest when he falls in love with Leila Hyams. An evening's entertainment guaranteed.

24 HOURS

Miriam Hopkins Tones Up Murky Story: You are privileged to watch twenty-four hours in the private life of a married couple who aren't getting along so well and are taking little excursions into extra-marital romance. The results are terrifying enough to make anyone take up fidelity for a change. Imagine the chagrin of Clive Brook, the hard-drinking husband, when he finds himself implicated in the murder of a notorious blonde hussy, and has to be bailed out by his wife's influential (but most unattractive) boy-friend!

The directors seem to have concentrated all their talent on the portion of the picture featuring Miriam Hopkins, the aforesaid hussy. When she sings, "You're the One I Crave," her insufficient voice seems a minor detail, so cleverly is she directed. And what they've done to heighten Miriam's sex appeal is miraculous.

THE CISCO KID

Baxter and Scenery Make It Good: This is "Old Arizona" warmed over. Again Warner Baxter is a singing bandit, again Eddie Lowe is a hard-boiled, but soft-hearted sergeant—even the lines have a vaguely familiar echo. But on account of that very likeness the picture serves as a proof of the talkies' progress in the last two years. In dialogue, sound reproductions, photography, it is far superior to the first story of the debonair and fascinating Cisco Kid.

The restless Montenegro gives color to the rôle of the girl beloved by the bandit, despite a slight tendency to "mug" but by far the best part of the picture concerns the widow and her two children who nurse the wounded bank robber. In his saddle once more he shows his gratitude by holding up another bank to get the exact sum of money needed to pay off the mortgage on their farm.

PARADE

NEWEST PICTURES

HONOR OF THE FAMILY

Brilliant Comedy—Well Done: In which is tried the interesting experiment of modernizing a story in which the characters, motives and plot belong to an older, more romantic day. This is done by locating the story in France, where almost anything can happen. With the most up-to-date clothes, and modern settings, with the lines filled with references of the moment, the plot, which concerns two rogues (or a rogue and a roguess) conniving for a senile old man's money and defeated by a dashing rascal, still has a quaintly old-fashioned air.

Bebe Daniels, Alan Mowbray and Warren William make a shameless and engaging trio and their tricks are lively watching, really exciting—including a duel, an abduction, a murder and an escape. Bebe, as the adventuress, runs the gamut of feminine wiles with a skill which shows her a finished comedienne of the sophisticated type.

BAD COMPANY

You'll Enjoy Gangster Picture: Machine guns to the right of you, machine guns to the left of you, volley and—this is the *shootingest picture!* But it is shot full of entertainment.

Tay Garnett can generally be counted upon to give us our money's worth. Remember "Her Man"? In this he again directs Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez. Other major rôles in the top-notch cast are played by John Garrick and William V. Mong.

"Bad Company" is the tale of rival gang leaders. Cortez mows down Mong and seven of his gangsters in a machine gun battle. Helen vows to avenge the death of her brother and with Garrick, her husband, in the hospital, attempts to play a lone game. But the husband learns her plan and sets out to get Cortez himself. There ensues a duel with machine guns that you'll remember.

PALMY DAYS

Gags and Humor Put It Over: With no more serious purpose in view than the "glorification of the American doughnut," Sam Goldwyn proceeds lavishly to glorify practically everything in sight. But chiefly "Palmy Days" succeeds in marking the triumphant return of filmusicals. It is strictly a laugh picture garnished by a bevy of the loveliest girls you have glimpsed in many a moon. Then, neither last nor least, there is Eddie Cantor aided and abetted by Charlotte Greenwood.

Those who are familiar with Eddie's stage skits will recognize such gag material as the chiropractic bit. But even if they know the act by heart, they have never seen it performed with such a foil as the lanky Greenwood.

The plot—who cares about that? If you must know, the locale is a bakery, home of Personality Doughnuts. The girls are employees and Eddie is an efficiency expert.

SOB SISTER

Interesting and Well-Acted: Again the fictional importance of a so-called newspaper "scoop" receives overemphasis. Linda Watkins, playing a tabloid "sob sister," puts over one scoop after another on James Dunn, reporter for a more conservative journal. But when true love unites the two, Linda vows to eschew making a mug of Jimmie. He has reason to doubt her, however, when his paper is beaten to a story by hers the following day. Jimmie accuses Linda of breaking her word and breaks their engagement on the grounds that she considers their love of secondary importance to someone else's *love nest.*

While "Sob Sister" is far from a true picture of the newspaper game, it entertains. For one thing it introduces Linda Watkins to film fandom. Here is an interesting new personality and one who seems destined to go far. James Dunn scores nearly as heavily as in "Bad Girl."

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies

DEVOTION

Fine Acting, But Weak Story: Just exactly where the quality mentioned in the title comes in, it is difficult to say. Who is "devoted" and to whom? The characters in this story of middle-class life in an English apartment house are actuated by entirely selfish motives in whatever they do, though Ann Harding's blonde beauty and Leslie Howard's charm invest the masquerading heroine, tired of drudging for her family, and the rather priggish hero with an idealism unwarranted by plot or dialogue.

"Sweet" is the adjective that comes to mind at the conclusion of this slow-moving picture. Ann Harding's sincerity makes her escapades almost plausible, although her disguise as the elderly nurse doesn't deceive anybody except the hero. As for Howard, here is one of the real finds of the talkies, an actor of such finesse that he can make the most trivial lines and situations seem significant. When such a happy combination of players occurs we would be ungrateful to grumble at an old-fashioned story.

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Could Be Funnier—Good in Spots: This stage farce does not improve in its translation to screen terms. After getting away to a grand start, the adventures of the boob student, who specialized in botany and falls in love with the newspaper pictures of a beauty winner of a rival university, move slowly through a series of situations that are not quite funny enough.

Joe E. Brown, in an amazing make-up, plays the unpopular grind who dreams hopelessly of being a college hero. There's an attempt at pathos which hits the mark in the scene where he tells the pretty co-ed that it wasn't he who wrote her but "the man he wanted to be."

A ribald psychoanalysis scene and a depressing sequence in the gymnasium in which alcohol finally succeeds in making a man of the boob where love has failed may be chalked up on the debit side. The picture must be credited with several funny incidents in the track-meet scenes. Dorothy Lee is satisfactorily collegiate.

HEAVEN ON-EARTH

Good in Spots—With Ayres at His Best: A picture about people of such extreme simplicity of life, hopes, joys and sorrows as to be almost incomprehensible to movie audiences trained to expect more highly colored emotions. Lew Ayres as the river boat boy, who discovers that he is really shanty folks and goes back to his own people, never steps out of the character and does excellently. Harry Beresford, as his foster father, the blundering old ship's captain, makes the most of a rather monotonous part. But it is the ensemble scenes, of the weird and childlike inhabitants of the shanty boat colony which are most interesting.

The story moves sluggishly until toward the end thrill scenes are piled upon thrill scenes, as though the director had suddenly awakened to the fact that the picture needed pepping up. Anita Louise plays the girl from the po-whites with more than a hint of dramatic possibilities.

THE HOMICIDE SQUAD

Fair-To-Middlin' Crook Film: Although "The Homicide Squad" starts out with the laudable intention of glorifying the police force, an organization too often neglected in movies of crime, it ends up with a sob for the slain racketeer, and thus becomes the same old gangster yarn recently ordered "out" by the Hays office. Sympathy goes to the part of *Louie Granada* perhaps more because of the way it is played by Leo Carillo than for any worth in the characterization itself, but it is sympathy that this thief and murderer has in the end, and thus is its moral lost.

The plot is a neatly worked out device whereby the police captain, whose son has been killed by *Louie*, traps the Italian into thinking that one of the boys in his mob is his own son, and thereby brings about his death. The son is played by Russell Gleason. Mary Brian is the girl, Noah Beery the father. Acting honors go to Carillo, who is a veteran of the Broadway stage.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews

RECKLESS LIVING

Fast Action Puts Over Racket Story: Here's something new in racket pictures—book making for horse races. And it makes no bones about exposing the ins and outs of the racket it depicts.

The story is the regeneration theme. Norman Foster is the proprietor of a speakeasy. He wants to quit the game—the reason being Mae Clarke, ex-manicurist. But his love for the ponies is stronger than his love for the girl. Driving a taxi and saving his money for a service station, he goes for the bankroll on a sure tip on a fixed race. It's fixed, but not his way. The girl resumes her manicuring and all seems over between them until the union of his taxi and a truck results in their reunion.

Things are kept moving at a speedy tempo which makes for entertainment. And the neat performances of the cast help materially in lifting the picture above average. This Clarke girl is rapidly proving that she deserves stardom.

THE ROAD TO RENO

Entertaining Domestic Drama: The first of the new crop of stories with Reno as setting is built around the character of a habitual divorcée who wires the hotel for "her usual room" in order to shed her third husband. The plot moves with lively pace among the more spectacular aspects of divorce. We see the bridge where newly-freed women fling their wedding rings into the river, and turn to the arms of their next mates; we see a wife, decree granted, leave the courtroom to shoot herself. Shots of Reno streets and buildings set the stage for this story.

Lilyan Tashman is brilliant as the mother, Peggy Shannon is wistful as the daughter who listens worshipfully to the rigid marriage views of the young man she meets on the train—Buddy Rogers at his smuggest. The road to Reno leads also to tragedy, and the mother warns her daughter to marry and stay married. As propaganda the picture probably won't prevent any divorces, but it is good entertainment.

SKYLINE

Okay if You're Not Asking Too Much: In spite of a plot which creaks slightly in spots, "Skyline" is good entertainment. It is the story of a boy who raises his eyes from the deck of an East River barge to the towering skyline of Manhattan and finds therein an ambition to become a builder of bigger and better sky-scrapers. There is a very excellently done fight scene in which he overcomes a brutal stepfather after learning from his dying mother that he is the fruit of an early romance. In the city he falls into an excavation thus beginning his career at the bottom and becomes the star boarder in an Irish family where he quickly finds romance.

A newcomer, Hardie Albright, gives a good account of himself as the boy and we have never seen Maureen O'Sullivan quite so captivating before. Thomas Meighan is excellent and Myrna Loy as the blonde menace carves another niche for herself as one of our very best vamps.

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE

It Has a Kick, You'll Like It: Irene Dunne wanted Lester Vail; Pat O'Brien wanted Myrna Loy (for story purposes, you understand) and each lost the mate he wanted. So they tried to find consolation by marrying each other. This premise makes an interesting picture. It might have made a really great one if their lost loves had seemed worth wasting so much emotion over. Exceptionally bright and sparkling dialogue makes these two young people very real, and the director has wisely kept their struggle for courage and comfort simple and uncomplicated by side issues.

The suspense keeps up till the more-or-less expected end in which the two old loves turn up and the husband and wife discover they have been worshiping dreams instead of realities. Pat O'Brien's rôle as newspaper man is deliberately reminiscent of "The Front Page" even to a Menjou-like pal. This young actor has one of the most likable personalities among the recent comers.

Dorothy Mackaill's Idea Of What A Well-Dressed Star Wears On The Screen

The screen clothes worn by Miss Mackaill are somewhat fancier than those she selects for her private wardrobe, as you will note from the costumes shown on this page. The evening gown at the left is of ice-white, shimmery satin and features self-braided shoulder straps and belt—and with it goes the wrap of peach ermine, above, trimmed with Russian sable. At the extreme left, she is wearing a beige broadtail fur coat featuring deep patch pockets and exaggerated revers. Dorothy's saucy hat is of black felt with one side a tucked brim of beige velvet. It is of the Eugenie type which she will wear for the screen, but Dorothy prefers the off-the-face hat like the one she wears with her own coat on the opposite page. The dressy screen negligée, in the oval, is of flesh-pink satin trimmed in deep beige lace, but for personal use, she prefers lounging pajamas

Photos by Lippman

But Off The Screen, Dorothy, Not Being The Fluffy Type, Does The Smart Thing And Wears Simple And Well-Tailored Clothes

Suits are very popular with Dorothy. In the upper right hand corner she is wearing one of black jersey which flows at the hipline and the blouse is of white satin. Directly above is Dorothy's favorite two-piece morning dress of black crepe trimmed with white

You will always find Dorothy Mackaill's personal wardrobe along very simple and tailored lines. This two-piece dress of jersey, at the left, has a black and white top and a fitted all-black skirt which is gored and slightly flared. It is just the thing to wear under the "football" coat shown at the right for those big Saturday afternoon thrills. It is severely tailored and of navy English tweed with masculine double-breasted fastening. Dorothy wears a snug little off-the-face black felt turban with this outfit. Directly above, she is wearing a brown velvet gown, proving that she also loves plain and unadorned clothes for formal occasions

Ziegfeld Was Right About Sally Eilers

Even Sally thought the Follies producer was kidding when he called her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood and predicted a big future for her. Nothing much happened for two years—and then along came "Bad Girl." Now she's breaking speed records on the road to stardom!

By JOAN STANDISH

IF Florenz (Follies) Ziegfeld wanted to be a meanie, he could go around pointing a finger at a lot of people and say, "I told you so about Sally Eilers." Ziegfeld tried to warn the producers about Sally a couple of years ago when he proclaimed her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood. "That girl has something," he said. "The movie producers must be asleep not to discover her."

Sally had style in the jaunty way she wore her small hats and sports scarfs. There was something shining and clean about her personality. Her wit, too, was spontaneous and original, rather than warmed-over "repeats" on last month's humor magazines. It was Sally who said, in description of a certain patronizing star: "She's so kindly—she'll drop a quarter in your tambourine any old time."

But in spite of Ziggy, who has a reputation for picking 'em, Hollywood slept on about Sally. Fact was, they snored a little. Sally Eilers? Oh, sure, the little red-headed girl. Hoot Gibson's wife? Sure. Pretty little thing—nice in ingénue rôles, "second leads" and such. But starring material? Don't be silly! Wasn't she a little—er—robust for the camera? And besides she'd been knocking around several years and no one had discovered her. A Wampas Baby Star three or four years ago, wasn't she?

She Made Them Rub Their Eyes

THE big yawn about Sally continued until a certain bright morning last summer when "Bad Girl" opened in two Los Angeles theaters simultaneously. And who should awaken to sit up and rub their eyes about this "robust young lady who was a Wampas Baby Star three or four years ago" but Certain Movie Magnates?

Before "Bad Girl," women stars used to be so nice to Sally that she knew they didn't consider her dangerous. But how they've changed!

"And to think," said Samuel Goldwyn, "that I could have signed that girl six months ago!"

M-G-M could have signed Sally, too. So could Warner Brothers and Paramount. But not any longer. Sally has a gilt-edged Fox contract which calls for featured leads with stardom in the offing, tucked away in her vault at the bank.

"Goody-goody," says Sally—and can you blame her?

"It's a riot," she adds. "People who used to speak to me only on days when they felt well, now run out of corners to shake my hand and yell, 'Hello, Sally.' It's a riot—but I like it. After you've knocked about as one of Those People Around A Studio for years, it's nice to be patronized even by the Yes-Men."

The truth is that if "Bad Girl" hadn't come along just about the time it did, Sally would have developed a permanent Country Cousin complex.

"It isn't really as though people weren't nice to me," explains Sally. "They were—deadly nice. They were so nice I knew they didn't consider me dangerous. Believe me, when you work in a woman star's picture and she takes time out between scenes to help you with your make-up, you can set it down as a dead cinch she doesn't consider you a rival.

Thought Ziegfeld Was Kidding

"WHEN Ziegfeld made that crack about my being the most something or other girl in Hollywood, I thought he must have been kidding. If he'd said 'The Least Dangerous Member Of Any Cast,' I'd have known what he was talking about. When I first started out in pictures and was nominated a Baby Star, I had a great lot of ideas about getting ahead and amounting to something in this game sometime. But when a couple of years rolled by and all I rated was a second lead with some "friendly" woman star and a couple of close-ups with Hoot and the horses, I began to lose confidence."

In the first place Sally had to fight down the ignobility of being something of a local girl. No director had discovered her in Germany or even Southwest Australia. No Broadway triumph, either as a dramatic

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Sally Eilers may be getting up in the world, but Hoot Gibson doesn't have a bit of trouble holding her. And as for Sally, she'd rather climb mountains with Hoot than scale the peaks of stardom. (As it happens, she can do both!) They have been Mr. and Mrs. one whole year. But do they look it?

When Sally And Hoot Air Their Love, They Need All Outdoors

What Is The Menace

Nothing can put a star on the skids so quickly as The Hollywood Complex. It makes own worst enemies. This complex makes them self-conscious and wrecks their careers.

By HELEN

THIS Hollywood Complex is a strange and sinister thing. It creeps upon stars before they realize it and destroys its victims before they know what is wrong with them. Often they never do learn what it was that caused their downfalls, but go on growing more and more bitter as disaster follows disaster. People Who Know shake their heads when they observe the first symptoms in their friends. The thing is so insidious and no one can do much to help. It's up to the star, himself—*if he can only see it*!

Joan Crawford is in grave danger because of it right now. So are Lew Ayres and Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich. Nancy Carroll nearly came a cropper recently because of it. William Haines has suffered from it. It nearly wrecked the career of Adolphe Menjou. We have seen what it has done to Jetta Goudal and Eric von Stroheim and Belle Bennett. . . .

The symptoms begin with hurt feelings and resentment about the criticism that inevitably comes to anyone who makes a success in pictures. The actor is misunderstood. He is not appreciated. His rise to fame has been abrupt and bewildering. He does not understand just how it came about or what he should do to make it permanent. He grows afraid and then he begins to be suspicious of the people around him. . Presently he suspects everyone of plotting against him, of striving maliciously to injure him. By that time he is pretty far gone.

Belle Bennett thought she was being "humiliated"

Aileen Pringle finds it "strange" no contracts come

Eric von Stroheim says Hollywood "hates" him

Joan a Victim of Plots?

JOAN CRAWFORD says that whenever she sees two people talking together across the room at a party now, she immediately imagines that they are gossiping about her, criticizing her—perhaps actually planning mischief against her. *She is convinced, these days, that there is a concerted plot in Hollywood to try to wreck her marriage.* She says that she is constantly besieged by people repeating gossip to her, telling her that it is "for her own good," trying to make her suspicious of Doug, Jr.

She resents bitterly the fact that she has not had bigger pictures and wonders if she is being held back deliberately. The part that is difficult about all this is to discriminate between real and imaginary injuries. Joan *has* had some pretty rough treatment from various sources from time to time. The danger is that she may let it get hold of her, let it grip her sensitive, intense imagination until she fancies that every hand is against her and trusts no one. *Joan is in grave danger. . . .*

Clark Gable is already showing symptoms of this malady. When Clark first came to Hollywood, he was a jovial, friendly, hospitable soul who liked most people, enjoyed parties and welcomed friendly, casual encounters with almost anyone. He was grateful for publicity and cooperated genially with anyone who would give it to him. His house at Malibu was a meeting-place for all sorts of interesting people, who were encouraged to drop in when they felt like it.

Gable Has Become a Sphinx

THESE *things about Gable are not true any more.* He has become suddenly aloof and withdrawn. He never appears in public and he shrinks fearfully from meeting strangers. Since he has acquired something of a reputation as a Great Lover, he has begun to shrink from interviews with women writers. He is afraid they will be looking for a superman, afraid some of them might be unscrupulous and later attempt to blackmail him. He never entertains. Why? The Hollywood Complex?

Lew Ayres is in a pretty bad way these days, too. The Complex began to get hold of him soon after he finished "All Quiet" and went to work in lesser pictures for Universal. He was unhappy about those pictures and fearful of what they would do to him professionally. It wasn't long until he began to imagine that professional harm was being done to him *on purpose* by unfriendly powers in the studio!

He reached such a state that when he was working on "The Iron Man" he confided to his friends that his career was being deliberately damaged in that picture "to punish him." So bitter was he and so certain of these things that some solicitous soul finally went to a Universal executive and asked about it. The executive laughed.

"Is it likely that we would deliberately damage him after we have spent more than a million dollars establishing him?" he asked. "We have money invested in Lew Ayres. We intend to give him every advantage in stories and opportunities—so that we can make money out of him. Don't be silly!"

Seems logical, doesn't it?

Eric von Stroheim let the Complex get hold of him in just that fashion. The actor-director, famous for his realism, felt persecuted, felt that people were plotting his ruin. He actually

That Every Star Dreads?

the famous suspect everyone of trying to ruin them—and few realize they are their Will it claim the new stars like Lew Ayres, Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich?

LOUISE WALKER

imagines now that there are plots and counter-plots on all sides of him. He babbles of spies following him—spies in the employ of the malicious powers who have sought his downfall.

"It is because I am *right* that they hate me," he will tell you today in all seriousness. "I am right and the rest of Hollywood is wrong. Therefore Hollywood would ruin me!"

As a matter of fact, Von has had greater opportunities, more latitude, more money offered him with which to experiment, than any other director who ever graced this business. It is a tribute to his undoubted genius that this is so. But even genius cannot save a man when the Hollywood Complex gets him in its grip. Lew Ayres should consider the case of von Stroheim.

Nancy Carroll, who felt so abused over the rôles she was given that she almost lost her job, might well consider the plight of Jetta Goudal two years ago. Jetta used to feel abused, too. She was verra, verra much put-upon and she, as did Nancy, asserted her "rights." She asserted them with such vehemence that director Cecil de Mille, in despair, canceled her contract, amid fireworks and litigation. Jetta didn't work again in pictures for more than two years. And Jetta still feels abused. She is convinced that there have been plots to humiliate her, to keep her out of pictures. No one kept Jetta out of pictures except Jetta—and the Hollywood Complex.

Jetta Goudal defended her "rights"—and vanished

Clark Gable now is afraid of women interviewers

Ruth Can Explain It All

I THINK it was the acute Ruth Chatterton who told me, "Of course, we are egotists and exhibitionists, or we wouldn't be actors. And, since that is our nature, it is pretty difficult for us to blame ourselves for anything that goes wrong. We have to keep a close check on ourselves and use our intelligence—or we try to blame the director, the producer or the writer, or maybe even the public itself! when a picture is not successful. No one likes to face his faults or shortcomings. Least of all, an actor. He wants to put the blame on other shoulders."

To put the blame on other shoulders. Of course. And that leads to feeling persecuted. And that leads to the fatal Complex!

Marlene Dietrich is wounded. Terribly, terribly wounded, I understand—and she thinks that perhaps, when she returns to Germany a few months hence for her annual visit, she will just stay there. She is that hurt! It is all, of course, on account of the newspaper furore caused by Mrs. Riza von Sternberg's suit against her for the alleged alienation of the director's affections. For which you can hardly blame Marlene. It is uncomfortable to be called an affection-alienator right out loud in court and the public prints, whether it is true or not.

When Marlene first arrived in Hollywood, she was as cordial and sensible and charming a young woman as anyone would want to meet. Then, as swift fame came to her, she began to be hurt. First, because people said she was imitating Garbo. Next, because reporters said that her husband said she was as good a cook as she was an actress. (Surely a harmless enough accusation!) Now, she is wounded and irritated and annoyed over numbers and numbers of things. She is developing symptoms of the Complex.

Mary Astor said that the rumor of her marriage to Dr. Thorne was "a plot" to embarrass her!

Some gossip about himself and Jobyna Ralston Arlen came to Richard Arlen's indignant ears not long ago. It was not true—so Dick concluded that "someone" was trying to harm him. It was just the ordinary sort of idle tale that goes around Hollywood about anyone who is doing pretty well in pictures. But Dick saw in it something sinister—something *planned* to harm them.

It's hard to keep your perspective when you are in the limelight and your name is on every tongue. You are likely to give an undue significance to the things that are said of you. And then the Complex rears its ugly head.

Lew Ayres thought he was being "punished"

When Constance Bennett's name was first publicly linked with that of the Marquis de la Falaise, she issued an indignant statement to the papers, declaring that "someone" was trying to make some money by selling this story about her. Constance had been seen frequently with the Marquis. It was only logical and natural that sooner or later there would be comment and speculation about the pair. She didn't see that. She fancied that "someone" was making an effort to hurt her.

William Haines Recovered

WILLIAM HAINES imagined for a time that an effort was being made by "someone" to displace him and install Robert Montgomery in his place. But Bill, I think, recovered before the Complex got a very firm hold upon him. Bill's lucky—

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It Isn't the Luck of the Irish—
IT'S PAT O'BRIEN

He had to fight his way to the top—but he's there at last, after years of small rôles and small meals. And he's likely to stay there, because the screen doesn't have any other actor like him

By FAITH SERVICE

PAT O'BRIEN—no relation to the George or Eugene O'Briens—calls himself "a normal mug." And what a man thinks of himself usually tells plenty about him. If you saw Pat in "The Up and Up" on the stage, or in "The Front Page" or "Personal Maid" or "Consolation Marriage" on the screen, you probably have your own estimate of him. But, to be on the safe side, you had better rely on his description of himself—"a normal mug." He is.

He is the hard-fighting, hard-loving, hard-drinking Irishman type. Not resembling Thomas Meighan, but of the same breed. He likes his likker. He likes to shoot craps. He likes to bat about with the boys. None of your lah-de-dahs—but regular guys with cuss words in their mouths and plenty of feeling behind them. His face gets red when he argues. His blue eyes blaze. And as an imitator of his fellow actors he is a scream.

Shalitt

He looks a bit more rough and ready in the flesh than he does on the screen. And he's no gigolo even before the camera. He wears sweaters and shirts-open-at-the-collar, and looks as if he would be more at home in a lumber camp than in a dressing-room. He is an only child, born in Milwaukee, and his people were poor. He thinks it's swell for a boy to have to do without. When the other kids on his block were sporting bicycles, he was chasing around on a pair of re-constructed roller skates—second-hand, at that. He learned the value of a dollar then. He hasn't forgotten it.

His mother and Dad were swell to him. When he went to New York, on two different occasions, to pay court to that Jezebel, Broadway, they skimped and saved to send him nine dollars here and four dollars there. I quote the sums exactly. They're not going to do any more going without if Patrick knows anything about it.

Guess Who Encouraged Him!

PAT was honorably discharged from the Navy at the age of nineteen. He was a normal mug even then—crazy about the girls and stage-struck. He went to New York and broke into musical comedy with one line to speak. He studied it for weeks and delivered it with gestures that must have caused Edwin Booth to stir in his long, long sleep. There was, in that piece, a singing and dancing comedian. He was a good egg and swell to Pat; he encouraged him. You'll never guess who the big song-and-dance boy was! GEORGE BANCROFT. Yeah, our own Big Boy Bancroft in person. Think of that.

Later on, Pat had two lines in another m. c., called "Blue Eyes." The eyes blinked twice and stayed shut. It occurred to Pat that he had been born in Milwaukee and that he had been hungry too long. He tried vaudeville and one or two shots at stock and took a sleeper for home. His Dad greeted him with: "Well, son, you've had plenty of time to think things over—what's it to be?"

Pat pulled the first rabbit out of his hat and said, "Law, Dad, Law." He went to Marquette University to woo the Law. Marquette had dramatic societies and pageants and things. They left Pat little time for the study of matters legal—what with all the coaching, directing and acting he had to do. There was football, too. Pat thought he'd make a quarterback until Knute Rockne ran a tank or two over him and flattened him out into—an actor.

Pat says there is only one hungrier person in the world than an actor out of work—and that is an actor who has never had any work to be out of. He was back on Broadway. He hated it and loved it. But greasepaint always anoints its own in time. It found Pat—in "Henry, Behave" and "Gertie." Not very big parts, but big enough to buy hamburgers and schooners of beer. He knew everybody in town and everybody knew him. Then came forty-eight weeks in Plainfield, New Jersey (good-looking New York suburb), playing stock—everything from "Getting Gertie's Garter" right up to Bill Shakespeare's little pieces. Remember Pat, you Plainfield mavourneens? Then there was more stock with Jimmy Gleason and Lucille Webster Gleason and Bob Armstrong. And then back to Broadway again. He lived in a five-dollar-a-

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Peggy Shannon's On The Sidelines But She's Scoring Just The Same

Peggy doesn't want that glass of water any more than she wants to tear up the goalposts, but when she looks around like this—well, the boys are always looking for a signal. Probably because she has cheers in her eyes, she is the principal rooter for Richard Arlen in "Touchdown." But Dick won't do *all* the scoring!

Just a few of the big moments

Everybody's interested in
proving that she's one of
two years away from the
had all kinds of hard luck,
Brat"—and made herself
Here's what she's

She hates to get up, she hates to get up, she hates to get up in the morning—but don't get the idea that Sally's complaining. It seems good to *have* to get up and go to work after two years of idleness

After her morning plunge, she drapes herself in a tricky robe made of toweling, and sits down to breakfast beside the pool. She doesn't diet. Swimming never yet made anyone do that!

Sally reduced when she made her comeback—and swimming was how she did it. Every morning, before breakfast, she plunges in the apartment house pool (in circle). And she doesn't don a cap, either!

When Sally goes to sleep, she's saying over her lines for the next day. And when she wakes in the morning, the first thing she does is to gather some of her dolls about her and, with them for audience, rehearse her lines. Those she's practising now are for "First Cabin"

in Sally O'Neil's daily life

Sally O'Neil, who's busy
the fighting Irish. After
screen, during which she
she came back in "The
famous all over again.
like off the screen

An important part of the O'Neil morning ritual is the sun-bath—taken, by preference, on the soft end of the springboard at the apartment pool. She has one of the brownest tans in Hollywood

Sally likes Chinese things—Chinese lounging pajamas, Chinese lamps, Chinese dolls. When the day's work is done, she dons the pajamas, parks under the lamp, and twangs a mean ukulele for the dolls

A half-hour before bedtime, she gets into her sleeping pajamas, and then has a "good-night" cigarette and reads a couple more chapters in the latest warm novel. You'll notice that she doesn't park far from the telephone—just in case Someone should take it into his head to call

In the circle, you see a more or less sober Sally—the Sally of the dressing-room, all ready to be "made up" for the day's appearance before the camera. Sally's serious about this comeback!

Schoenbaum

Between The Camera And The Fireplace Pola Negri Can't Help Dreaming

Now that she's back in Hollywood, Pola Negri is staying close to her own fireside. That's because it seems good to *have* a hearth of her own again after three years of hither-and-thithering. And because she's busily studying English for her first appearance before a talkie camera. The picture that brings her back to you is called "A Woman Commands"—and if it is a hit, all of Pola's dreams will come true

She'd rather be Naughty than Nice

Have you noticed the change in Dorothy Jordan? Ever since "Min and Bill" the little Tennessee girl has been just the opposite of what she used to be. She now has legs, pep, and a dangerous look in her eyes. And this tells how it happened

By MARGERY DODD

A FEW months ago Dorothy Jordan, aged twenty-one, woke to a discouraging fact. She was in danger of becoming a "nice" girl! She hadn't realized how close she was until letters began arriving after the release of "Min and Bill." Gee, they wrote, it sure was surprising to see her as that fresh little waterfront brat after all the nice parts she had played. Lots of them hadn't recognized her at first. Gee, it certainly gave them a new idea of her.

Spurred on by these large hints, and after a little investigation, it was clear the idea was spreading like an epidemic. One woman wrote a story and referred to her as "an innocent blossom from the South," and went on to say she was quite the nicest girl in Hollywood, so sweet to everybody and never out of mother's sight. That hurt!

On top of this, one of the boys from the publicity department wanted to make photographs of Dorothy in one of those little bare-legged costumes. "Not Dorothy Jordan?" gasped Hedda Hopper, suave, sartorial. That was the last straw.

It had come! She was it! That most ungossiped-about, unrumored, unhounded and unsung of all things—a "nice girl of the screen." While people whispered about the mysterious Garbo, and mused on the Gloria-Hank-Connie triangle, and quoted the latest wisecracks of Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper, little Miss Jordan of Tennessee stood a slick chance of being forgotten in the rush. Whereupon she started a campaign.

She Does Have Legs

SHE posed in the bare-legged pictures, and they made real interesting studies, too. From the wardrobe department she selected a couple of slinky gowns and a daring hat and was photographed in these riggings as well.

One of the first things she said to me was: "I used to be a chorus girl on Broadway," and then, defiantly, "I haven't always lived with my mother, either. I was alone until she joined me this year." She might have added, though she didn't, "So *there!*"

In spite of these lurid confessions, the Jordan girl has an awful lot of niceness to live down. In the first place, her appearance is against her. She's one of the nicest-looking persons you ever saw. There's something so clean and fresh and wholesome about her—but then there's no need of rubbing it in her hair. She has a childish face that is as devoid of insinuation as Baby Peggy's. She can wisecrack to her heart's content and surprise people every time she does it. She can wear a smart sweater and a dashing sport hat without in the least suggesting Michael.

(*Continued on page 93*)

Hurrell

Dorothy Jordan has dared to do the thing that Mary Brian and many another Sweet Young Thing of the screen haven't—she has dared to assert her desire to be just as naughty as she is nice

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

FAMOUS PLAYS OF 1930

When Knute Rockne met his tragic death last spring, he was flying to Hollywood to make plans for a new series of football shorts. In his pocket were found notes on these plans—notes that enabled the producers to go ahead with the series as a memorial to the great coach. This reel, third of the group, is one of the most spectacular. The present coach and players of Notre Dame demonstrate some of the sensational scoring plays that the undefeated 1930 team used—and then, for contrast, run through some of the power plays that were effectively used by other leading teams. There's plenty of action, and the explanatory talk by the coach is dramatic. (Universal)

PLAYING WITH FIRE

Remember, back in the days of horses and silent pictures, how many screen epics featured fire-fighters? And remember how you finally began to laugh at all the amazing heroics? Prepare to be amused again, for here are the boys in the red shirts once more. What with all the fireproof buildings these days, alarms are scarce, and the lads have nothing better to do than to stage a show. In the midst of this uproarious event, in which some of the huskies are garbed in ballet costumes, the fire siren sounds. Out they pile, changing their clothes on the wild ride to the blaze, which isn't in the orphanage (ha! ha!) but their own engine house. (Vitaphone Varieties)

I SURRENDER, DEAR

When Bing Crosby, the crooning baritone, appeared in a single sequence in "Confessions of a Co-Ed," he stole the picture. And so popular is he on the radio that he occupies that coveted fifteen-minute after-dinner period. He's being called "Rudy Vallee's rival," though their styles are vastly different. Whatever you may think of Bing's voice, as compared with Rudy's, you'll have to admit he's more at ease before the camera. This opus, supplied by Mack Sennett, gives him a chance to do a bit of clowning, as well as crooning. He is rushed by all kinds and shapes of girls, until he meets one to whom he can sing "I Surrender, Dear"—the song that he made a hit. (Educational)

BEAU HUNKS

The one trouble with the comedies of Laurel and Hardy heretofore has been their brevity. However, their successful venture into feature-length comedy with "Pardon Us" has apparently given them courage to lengthen their briefer efforts. "Beau Hunks" is the longest they have made—and you won't be a bit sorry. You see them, this time, in the French Foreign Legion, in which you are allowed to suspect there is never a dull moment. But many an embarrassing one! That is the secret of the success of the wooden-faced Laurel and the plump, debonair Hardy. Human nature is always looking for the ridiculous in others—and never fails to find it in Laurel and Hardy. (M-G-M)

WHERE CANARIES SING BASS

As Charlie Chaplin has so often demonstrated, there is nothing funnier than slapstick can sometimes be. But it's seldom that you see a slapstick short that hits you in the solar plexus the way this one does. The main reason is James Gleason, who not only supplied the gags but acts the chief part—that of a hard-boiled prize-fight manager, whose big problem is a dopey heavyweight (played to insane perfection by Harry Gribbon). The climax comes with a match between Gribbon and equally hefty Ivan Linow on a floating platform in the ocean, with all parties eventually getting sea-sick. It's as original and as snappy as they come. (RKO-Pathé)

TORCHY

You'll take a liking to Ray Cooke the minute you lay eyes on him. He's covered with freckles, looks as Irish as the Blarney Stone, and has a sense of humor that simply pops out of him. He's the new discovery who has been given the sweet assignment of bringing to life again the character of *Torchy*, the office boy who can't be downed. He's in the process of being fired when you first meet him, but he manages to wisecrack his way into another job almost immediately, innocently assisting a promoter of bogus stock. The cops appear on the scene, and *Torchy* has to search the want ads again. He's equal to any emergency and his wit is of the never-failing kind. If the rest of the series are up to the first, you're in for a treat. (Educational)

HONEYMOON TRIO

You have laughed at a bridegroom before—but never one like Al St. John. He never does get to kiss the bride, thanks to the amorous wedding guests, chief of whom is chatty Walter Catlett, who takes Dorothy Granger in his arms in the Gilbert-Garbo manner. But that isn't all. Just as Al is about to get into the roadster beside his little bride, Walter pushes him into the rumble seat while he takes the wheel—and off the trio start on a honeymoon. Al smolders, but he's practically helpless against the voluble Walter, who always has an answer for all his objections—until finally Al goes temporarily insane and disposes of both car and Walter via a cliff. Amusing novelty. (Educational)

SPEAKING OUT OF TURN

When the talkies can kid themselves, all's well in Hollywood—and "Speaking Out of Turn" is a snappy little satire of The Pictures That Talk. It's modeled along the lines of the celebrated "Once in a Lifetime," the stage hit that poked riotous fun at the Hollywood of the early days of the Vitaphone, when producers discovered that some of their biggest stars had voices that didn't match their faces (and figures). You'll take particular delight in the sequence in which the dialogue goes awry and a four-year-old has the voice of a racketeer and the tough sounds like an infant. You'll also be glad to see your old friend, Johnny Walker, again. (Vitaphone Varieties)

Dusting Powder. Particularly gifty in plaid metal box of blue and coral. Contains lovely puff. $1.

Sachet... in a charming jar, is a perfect selection for the "little gift," for which one wants something new and different. 75c

Toilet Water is a gift every woman, young or old, appreciates — and how much more, when the scent is Seventeen! $1.25.

A Compact that gleams like onyx! ... so sophisticated, thin and lovely. Single $1, Double $2.

Seventeen Perfume in enchanting bottles in 3 sizes. This is the famous scent created to inspire the mood of youth Flacons at $5, $2 and $1.

Toiletries enough to keep some girl happy for months! Seventeen Compact, Rouge, Lipstick (in matching black and silver cases.) Seventeen Soap and Face Powder. Talcum in frosted glass jar. Toilet Water. Sachet. Brillantine. French-cut flacon of Seventeen Perfume. The Stunning box will prove most useful after contents are removed . . $10.00

Let's go Christmas shopping right here on this page

Seventeen Face Powder, Toilet Water and Sachet are flatteringly framed in this stunning box with black and silver lining. The price is no indication of the impressiveness of this gift! . . $3.

Seventeen Perfume and the beautiful Seventeen Compact, that's slim and elegant as a costly watch. Particularly easy to mail. . . . $2.

Seventeen proves your Christmas giving may be superb . . . while costing very little.

THIS page is printed in plenty of time to save you from almost *all* those haunting Christmas worries!

Just look at these pictures. Read the descriptions, and note the modest prices. Why, you can check off 80% of your entire list, right here on this page!

For these Seventeen toiletries combine the usefulness and hint of luxury that define the Perfect Gift. Here are toiletries that every woman uses . . . but so smart and new . . . so gaily fragranced . . . so alluringly packaged, in graceful jars and bottles!

How absurd to fuss and worry over Christmas shopping, when it can be as easy as this.

Seventeen

A Bath Set de luxe . . . *three big, luxurious cakes of Seventeen Soap, and gay metal box of Dusting Powder . . . $2*

Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a double Seventeen Compact—selling regularly for $2—and a flacon of Seventeen Perfume. . . . $5

Nancy, Greta, Marlene and Jean are also Sirens of the Stove

Nancy Carroll, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and Jean Harlow are all prepared IF the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. All four of them can cook--and here's how! Try these tasty dishes on your boy-friend!

Cooks are the bane of Greta Garbo's life. The Swedish kind are likely to tell what they hear her saying, and no other kind can make Swedish Pancakes. So Greta makes them herself! When Nancy Carroll (in circle) gets hungry for Baked Stuffed Cucumbers, you'll find Nancy cooking, too

BY SUE DIBBLE

"PRESERVE me from the sight of a beautiful woman eating!" cried Lord Byron, fastidiously. But in Hollywood some of the most beautiful Sirens of the Screen not only eat, but cook as well! There is the silken, sensuous, slumbrous-eyed Marlene Dietrich, for example. When Rudolph Sieber came from Berlin to visit his famous wife, he told the reporters that Marlene might be a great star to the public but to him she was "the finest little cook in all the world."

"You boys should taste her *Eierkuchen!*" sighed Mr. Sieber, "Only she can make it so good—"

But Marlene frowned at the suggestion that she was an expert pancake-maker. Perhaps she does not like to remember those shabby years when she and Rudolph, in a humble little Berlin home, took turns caring for the house and the baby while the other was away working for a wretchedly small wage. And yet her husband is undoubtedly right—a well-brought-up German girl is taught to cook before she is taught to read. The first thing Marlene did when she came to Hollywood was to find a German housekeeper, so that she might enjoy the dishes she was accustomed to eat back home.

Here are some of them. First, the now-famous, but mysterious *Eierkuchen* which, translated, means simply "egg cake." It's a very rich, sweet German pancake of huge size, made with eggs and served hot as dessert, covered with butter, jam and powdered sugar.

GERMAN PANCAKE. Sift three tablespoonfuls of flour, season with a pinch of salt, add enough cream to make a thin batter, then add four eggs and one half-teaspoonful of sugar and whip well. Pour a thin layer of the batter into a large skillet with a little melted butter. Allow this to brown on one side, then turn and place in hot oven for two minutes until it rises nicely. Serve with powdered sugar and jam.

APPLE STRUDEL. To one half-cup of cold water add a pinch of salt and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Work into the dough one egg and one tablespoonful of butter and let this rise for one half-hour, then roll very thin. Chop two apples, four ounces of currants and four ounces of walnuts and season with cinnamon and sugar. This mixture should be placed on the dough and small bits of butter should be placed throughout the mixture. Roll and bake in moderate oven. Serve either plain or with cream.

HOT POTATO SALAD is a German version of the sticky, speckled affair that is called potato salad in delicatessen stores.

Wash six medium-sized potatoes and cook in boiling salted water until soft. Cool, remove skins and cut in very thin slices. Cover the bottom of a baking dish with potatoes, seasoning with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with finely-chopped celery, finely-chopped parsley, and work into the potatoes. Mix two tablespoonfuls each of tarragon and cider vinegar and four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and add one slice of lemon cut one-third inch thick. Bring to the boiling point, pour over the potatoes, cover, and let stand in the oven until thoroughly warmed.

GERMAN MEAT LOAF isn't for anyone who's dieting. It has these ingredients:

1 pound of ham	1 teaspoonful of pepper
1 pound of fresh pork	2 teaspoonfuls of curry powder
1 clove of garlic	1½ tablespoonfuls of sage
1 small onion	White of 1 egg
1 tablespoonful of salt	⅛ cup of cream

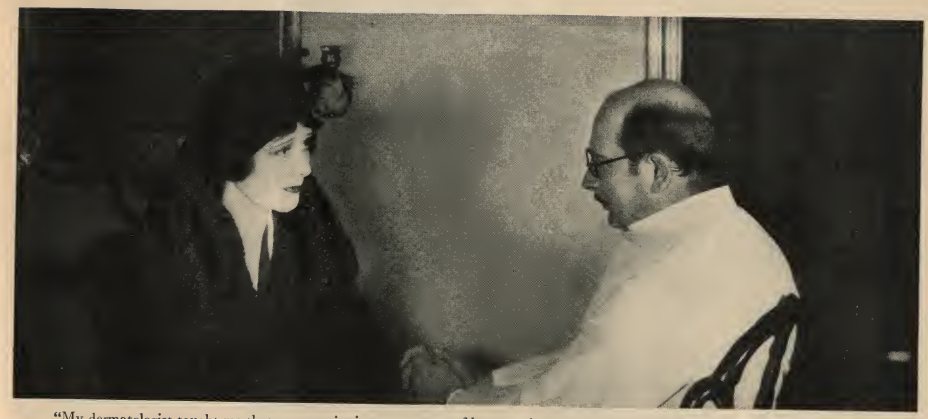
Force ham, pork, garlic and onion through a meat chopper. Add seasonings and again force through meat chopper. Add egg white and cream and mix thoroughly. Put four strips of uncooked ham-fat on the center of a square of cheese cloth, pressing mixture into shape, and then place over fat. Roll in cheesecloth and tie. Place on a trivet in kettle and add three quarts boiling water, one-fourth cup vinegar, and one teaspoonful of salt. Cover and let simmer two and one-half hours. Drain, cool and put under a weight. Cut in thin slices for serving.

Jean Can Bake a Cake

ANOTHER siren that no one would suspect of kitchen yearnings is the platinum-haired Jean Harlow.

"When Jean is tired," says her mother, "nothing seems to rest her so much as working around the stove. Where she learned how I don't know. I never knew enough about cooking to

(*Continued on page 80*)



"My dermatologist taught me that a pretty jar is no guarantee of beauty—but the name of Woodbury's is!"...IRENE RICH

"Quench your skin's unceasing thirst

...and you keep it smooth, unlined and youthful!"

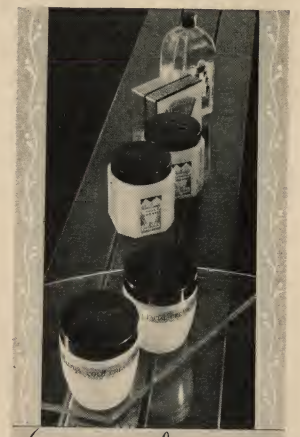
No one admires Irene Rich more sincerely than the famous dermatologist who has supervised her skin care for years.

"Every woman should profit by the example of Irene Rich," Dr. K —— says. "She has kept a young skin in spite of years and weather and studio work. Her secret is that she has never allowed her skin to dry out, as the skin tends to do very rapidly after your teens.

"At my suggestion, she has always followed a regular routine to preserve the natural supple quality of her skin. That routine is simply Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Cream . . . Cold Cream for softening and 'quenching' the skin . . . Facial Cream as a powder foundation for protection against weathering.

"Using Woodbury's Creams every day . . . 2 or 3 times a day . . . she *puts back* into her skin fine oils to replace the natural oils that keep skin soft and smooth.

"Woodbury's Creams are what creams should be, according to dermatology. They are compounded from skin specialists' formulas. They are light, quick-melting, deeply penetrating. They replenish parched skin cells with rich essential oils, and so prevent shriveling, aging. Miss Rich would pay any price for things so important to her career, but I couldn't suggest any better means of protecting and preserving her skin. The Woodbury trade mark is utterly reliable."



Woodbury's

COLD CREAM · FACIAL CREAM

AND · ALLIED · SCIENTIFIC · BEAUTY · AIDS

• • •

Woodbury's quick-melting Cold Cream and Facial Cream (the perfect make-up base)—the same creams recommended by Hollywood dermatologists—can be had at all drug and toilet goods counters. Also all other Woodbury Scientific Beauty Aids.

TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN
by a famous Hollywood Dermatologist

AT NIGHT: After washing your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap, smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, and leave on overnight. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube . . . DURING DAY: Soften and smooth your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream before going out and again after exposure. Apply Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder foundation. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube . . . FOR LINES AND WRINKLES: Use Woodbury's Cleansing and Tissue Creams in daily facial treatments. 75¢ each.

USE THIS COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6312 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐ Flabby Skin ☐
Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Sallow Skin ☐ Pimples ☐

*Name*_____ *Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

© 1931, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

 (*Continued from page 78*)

teach her anything, and Jean has never had to keep house, but she makes raised rolls and cakes and even soufflés. She draws the line at washing the pans afterward, but she often teases to dry the dinner dishes."

Here are Jean's own recipes for the Harlow specialties—cooking specialties, I mean, not the ones you see so delightfully displayed in Jean's photographs! And one reason why I believe that Jean really does like to cook is because she hasn't a single publicity picture of herself in a perky apron, stirring something on a stove and smiling coquettishly!

WALNUT CHOCOLATE CAKE

¼ cup chocolate powder
½ cup butter
1½ cups flour
½ cup milk
1 cup walnut meats
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks
2½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder
2 tablespoonfuls of hot water
1 teaspoonful of vanilla
⅛ teaspoonful of salt.

ICE CREAM FROSTING

1½ cups sugar
½ cup water
Whites of 2 eggs
½ teaspoonful vanilla
½ teaspoonful lemon juice.

Put sugar and water in saucepan, stir until sugar is dissolved, and bring to the boiling point. Beat egg whites until stiff and add one tablespoonful of syrup, one teaspoonful at a time, continuing the beating. Continue to let syrup boil until it will spin a long thread (four inches) when dropped from tip of spoon; then add to first mixture in a fine stream, beating constantly until of right consistency to spread. Add flavoring and spread. Secret of velvety frosting is adding syrup as directed.

Some of the pictures of pretty screen sirens caught in the kitchen in a becoming house dress are not on the up and up, but I'm willing to admit that Nancy Carroll, being Irish to the tips of her capable fingers, may possibly know what to do with the saucepan she holds in her hand so determinedly. The section of New York where Nancy grew up may be crowded and swarming with children, but some of the most savory cooking in the world is done there. Here's one of Nancy's favorite recipes, which she makes sometimes for her friends.

BAKED STUFFED CUCUMBERS. Wipe and pare cucumbers, cut in two-inch pieces, crosswise, removing seeds. Mix four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped cooked ham and two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese. Moisten with tomato sauce and season with salt, pepper and cayenne. Put cucumber cups in a shallow pan. Fill with the mixture, and surround with chicken stock. Bake thirty minutes, then remove from oven, cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake again until crumbs are brown.

The David Manners Sandwich

DAVID MANNERS knows what a stove looks like—but he's no cook. He's willing to admit that he could never put together a Marlene Dietrich *Eierkuchen*, flip over a Greta Garbo Swedish pancake, bake stuffed cucumbers in the Nancy Carroll manner or make a chocolate cake as light as Jean Harlow's. But give this young Canadian a few things from the delicatessen, and a toaster, and he can produce a sandwich that "tastes like more." In the circle, you see him taking a generous helping of his unusual creation.

The sandwich is a double-decker—on toasted white bread.

The ingredients are:

One layer of Stilton Cheese, garnished with chives, paprika and lettuce leaf.

One layer of Bar-le-Duc Jelly.

NEXT MONTH—THE DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR. SANDWICH

Garbo Cooks Swedish Dishes

COOKS are the bane of Greta Garbo's life! If they understand the mysteries of good Swedish cooking—with butter and heavy cream and Caraway seeds—they also understand what she and her friends are saying, and tell it to magazine writers. If they are of another nationality, they aren't so useful to literature—but neither can they make *Arter Och Flask!* Greta likes the dishes of her own country best. The American restaurants of Hollywood and Los Angeles seldom see her, while tiny, out-of-the-way bungalow eating-houses that advertise "real Swedish cooking" know her well. Both there and in her own kitchen these dishes are served the Great Garbo.

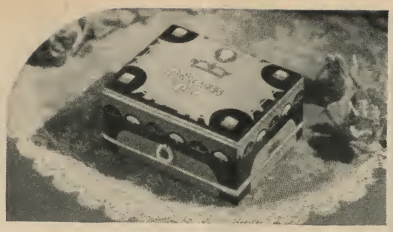
ARTER OCH FLASK. A thick soup made of ham and peas. Cook the ham until thoroughly tender. Cook dried peas. Add the peas to the ham broth and cook until thick. Season to taste. Serve with the ham cut into bits in the soup.

SWEDISH TEA RING

1 cup scalded milk
¾ teaspoonful of salt
¼ cup sugar
6 tablespoonfuls of shortening
⅛ cup finely-chopped nuts
1 yeast cake softened in ¼ cup water
3½ cups flour
1 egg.

Add the scalded milk to the salt, sugar and shortening. When lukewarm add the yeast. Add one-half the flour and beat well. Let rise until very light. When light, add the egg and the remaining flour and beat well. Let rise. Divide the dough into two parts and shape each in a long, round piece and form two circles, placing the circles on a baking tin. Brush with white of egg and

(*Continued on page 103*)



"What wondrous new beauty is this?" you'll say

Jean Harlow, film star, illustrates the adorable smoothness of Princess Pat powder.

LET'S TALK about the *almond* base in Princess Pat face powder — instead of the usual base of *starch* in your accustomed powder. What does the almond do that nothing else can?

Well, it *softens* the powder. One of the things you notice as you try Princess Pat powder for the first time is its adorable, velvety *feel*. No other powder in the world goes upon the skin so *caressingly*.

You are at once conscious of an utterly different *texture* in Princess Pat powder. It seems so much *smoother*. This, of course, is the exclusive almond base effect. And how it will delight you! For the *powder* texture becomes magically the *skin* texture. Every roughness vanishes. Pores seem to disappear. Shine — even on the nose — is utterly banished. Dryness yields, giving place to pliancy.

But the *astounding* thing is still to be told! In a way that seems mysterious, almost unbelievable, the almond base creates powder that *does not show*. Actually your complexion seems innocent of powder — instead youthfully, gloriously groomed to perfect, aristocratic loveliness *with no powdery look!*

Millions of Women Have Changed to Princess Pat

Today, tomorrow, soon . . . the box of powder you now have will be *used up*. And unless it was Princess Pat it was *not* almond base. Positively not! For use of almond (instead of starch) is an exclusive Princess Pat secret.

What could be more intriguing than to make your next box of powder Princess Pat! So little to do . . . such marvelous new beauty to gain. Such an interesting experiment because *no powder you ever used is like Princess Pat.*

One More Advantage to Delight You

Besides the new, entrancing beauty that will enchant you, always remember that Princess Pat powder is also *beneficial to the skin*. Of *almond base*, it keeps pores fine, the skin pliant, soft, youthfully clear. Both *oily* and *dry* skins are the better for its use.

FREE

PRINCESS PAT, Dept.151-C, 2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat powder, as checked

☐ Flesh ☐ Olde Ivory (Naturelle) ☐ White

☐ Brunette ☐ Ochre ☐ Mauve ☐ Tan

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

One sample free, additional samples 10c each

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO. U. S. A.

IN CANADA. 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Marilyn's Talented Tootsies Have Been Having A Long Rest

You haven't seen Marilyn Miller for many a month. Broadway's most famous dancing daughter has been back home, she has been abroad, and she has been ill. But here she is again, decorating the Hollywood scene and looking fit. And she's about to put those feet in motion once more in "Her Majesty, Love"

News and Gossip of All the Studios

(*Continued from page 41*)

ROLAND YOUNG and his wife are back in town, along with most of the other ex-vacationists. Roland and his wife have one of the sweetest love stories we know. He first met her when she was a child of twelve, the lovely daughter of a lovely and famous mother, Clare Kummer, the playwright. And then and there he fell in love with her and made up his mind to marry her when she was grown. "I owe whatever fame I have to my mother-in-law's plays," says Roland, "and my happiness to my mother-in-law's daughter!"—or graceful words to that effect.

WE asked a prominent leading lady the other day if the rumor of her engagement to a famous director were true. She seemed uncertain, herself. "I wouldn't dare say anything without its coming from him," she said, "but I'll tell you what you might do. We are going to be lunching at the Embassy this noon, and you might happen along to our table, and ask him yourself and see what he says!"

A FINANCIAL magazine publishes a sensational article headed "Film Industry's Day of Reckoning at Hand," proving, or trying to prove, that because of the waste of movie money Wall Street is going to tighten up on the films. It is illustrated with a picture of a handsome juvenile lying on a couch, with electricians, directors and cameramen grouped around for a close-up shot under the caption, "They pay big salaries for this!"

THE widespread publicizing of Connie Bennett's salary of thirty thousand a week which she earned at Warner Brothers, making "Bought," has probably done more harm to the industry—and Connie—than anything else ever printed. Yet to those in the know Connie wasn't overpaid—the company is even said to have remarked that they would have made money from the picture if she had received fifty thousand a week for it!

Joan Bennett has evidently shared her sister's publicity. The other day, as she lay in her plaster cast she received a letter signed "The Girls' Club of Hollywood" which attacked her viciously. It commented that since she had to fall off a horse that she didn't know how to ride, it was a pity she broke only her hip—for hips could heal. Hunger is not uncommon in Hollywood now and this poison-pen letter was undoubtedly the work of a disgruntled extra girl, but Joan was very much upset by it.

JIMMY (Schnozzle) DURANTE—famous stage comic—threatens to make a big hit on the screen. (You'll see him first in William Haines' new picture.) With him on the set every day—but not before the camera—are his two inseparable friends, Clayton and Jackson, who are in the novel situation of receiving a big weekly salary without doing any work for it! Jimmy absolutely refused to work unless they were hired, too. For many years the three have been pals as well as a team. A New York acquaintance tells of hilarious clowning for a few select friends after the theater. "One of their best acts," says he, "was announced as 'The Great Mystery,' and built up by Jimmy's inimitable ballyhoo till the gathering, sitting cross-legged on the floor of their studio, was worked into a fever of anticipation. Then the makeshift curtains would part and there would be the three of them pyramided on each other's shoulders, wearing red-flannel underwear and waving tiny American flags."

(*Continued on page 86*)

Safeguard yourself and others by using* KLEENEX *disposable tissues.

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Dirty handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

As a woman with a past in "My Sin," Tallulah Bankhead looks like a star with a future. Fredric March assists

The Age for Love—As a woman who tries to have both a career and a home-life, Billie Dove returns to the screen—lovelier than ever, and a better actress. The story never surprises, but Billie does (U. A.).

Alexander Hamilton—George Arliss' greatest screen triumph—in which he plays the young hero of Colonial history whose life was crammed with drama and intrigue (W. B.).

Alice in Wonderland—The characters in Lewis Carroll's childhood classic come to life, but fail to catch the spirit of the story. Even the children may find it a bit dull (Unique Cosmos).

An American Tragedy—An abridged version of Theodore Dreiser's powerful novel about weak youth, in which Sylvia Sidney is more memorable than Phillips Holmes, the hero. Sombre, but not to be missed (Par.).

The Arizona Terror—A typical Ken Maynard Western, in which he is alternately pursuing and being pursued, with the result never in doubt (Tiffany).

Bad Girl—Vina Delmar's frank novel becomes the most sensitive transcription of Young Love to reach the screen since "Seventh Heaven." Sally Eilers is the girl and James Dunn is a sensation as the boy (Fox).

The Bargain—Lewis Stone and John Darrow (father and son) change jobs and each learns a lesson. Interesting, but likely to be too thoughtful for the masses (F. N.).

The Big Gamble—A racketeer forces Bill Boyd to insure himself for a large sum, naming him the beneficiary—and then gives Bill a year to live. Good melodrama from start to finish (RKO-Pathé).

Bought!—Constance Bennett again is a rose of the tenements who sells herself. This time, however, the story is strong and Connie is at her best (W. B.).

The Brat—This story of the spirited waif who reforms a wealthy family shows its age, but it gives Sally O'Neil a chance to make a noble comeback (Fox).

Business and Pleasure—An American millionaire goes abroad and has some impossible—and allegedly humorous—adventures. Pretty slim stuff for Will Rogers (Fox).

Caught Plastered—As a pair of vaudeville "hams," Woolsey and Wheeler try to aid a poor widow. Wisecracks galore, if you like wisecracks (RKO).

A Dangerous Affair—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves together again, as a police lieutenant and a reporter with a mystery to solve. It has everything from comedy to thrills (Col.).

Daughter of the Dragon—Chinese Anna May Wong and Japanese Sessue Hayakawa return to the American screen in an Oriental thriller that has its moments, but is far below their talents (Par.).

The Dreyfus Case—The most celebrated treason case in modern history becomes a powerful and exciting picture. Made in England, with Cedric Hardwicke the unfortunate French captain (Col.).

East of Borneo—The estranged wife of an American doctor follows him to the Far East and there attracts the attention of a Rajah. Spectacular jungle melodrama, with Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford (Univ.).

Expensive Women—Dolores Costello briefly returns to the screen—and is more glamourous than ever—in the surprise rôle of a woman of affairs (W. B.).

Fanny Foley, Herself—As a vaudeville character whose daughters are ashamed of her grotesqueness, Edna May Oliver hides an aching heart under her grim humor. Sentimental all-color picture (RKO).

Fifty Fathoms Deep—An unusual adventure story, laid in the deep, deep sea, and boasting such capable actors as Jack Holt and Richard Cromwell (Col.).

Five-Star Final—A bitter and powerful exposé of the methods that scandal sheets sometimes use to build their circulation, with Edward G. Robinson an editor who squelches his conscience (F. N.).

Flying Lariats—A Western offering a rodeo, a couple of crooks, a couple of honest brothers, and a couple of girls. Wally Wales keeps things moving (Big Four).

Friends and Lovers—Is friendship between men stronger than love for a woman? That's the question that Adolphe Menjou, Laurence Olivier (a promising newcomer), Lily Damita and Eric von Stroheim seek to answer in this confused melodrama (RKO).

The Gay Diplomat—Ivan Lebedeff steps into the star class in an adventure story partly based on incidents in his own dramatic life (RKO).

Graft—A cub reporter ends a political scandal and solves a murder mystery, and Regis Toomey makes it all extremely plausible and exciting (Univ.).

Richard Cromwell and Loretta Sayers take some advice from Jack Holt in the exciting "Fifty Fathoms Deep"

The Guardsman—A jealous husband disguises as a Russian guardsman and makes love to his wife, who responds. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, of stage fame, make it the year's gayest comedy (M-G-M).

Guilty Hands—Lionel Barrymore executes a "perfect" crime and almost gets away with it. He keeps you on the edge of your seat—and the ending will yank you right out of it (M-G-M).

Headin' for Trouble—Bob Custer rides the range in pursuit of a murderer and gives the Western fans everything from romance to a last-minute rescue. Colorful and fast-moving (Big Four).

Huckleberry Finn—The script writers haven't done exactly right by Mark Twain's great story, but Junior Durkin, Jackie Coogan and company make it excellent entertainment, nevertheless (Par.).

I Like Your Nerve—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has a breezy type of rôle in a Central American setting. Most fans won't know whether to take it seriously or not (F. N.).

Larceny Lane—James Cagney and Joan Blondell pair up to separate the gullible from their cash, and the result is an amusing, dramatic crook picture with a courageous ending (W. B.)

Lasca of the Rio Grande—There is plenty of local color in this triangle story about a Mexican dancer, a Texas ranger, and a mucho bad hombre, but Dorothy Burgess is the only one who seems real (Univ.).

Lullaby—Helen Hayes, famous young stage star, comes to the screen in a sob-story of a mother's self-sacrifice. Despite the morbid material, she lives up to all expectations (M-G-M).

The Last Flight—Four ex-aviators set out to forget the War in company with Helen Chandler; accidents befall three, until only Richard Barthelmess is left. Starting out as a study of post-war emotions, the story changes into a melodrama and becomes just another picture (F. N.).

The Mad Genius—Again playing the part of a bitter hypnotist, John Barrymore is a crippled dancing master who wrecks the lives of two young lovers. Likely to hypnotize you, too (W. B.).

The Mad Parade—Women in the front-line trenches, without a man in sight. A unique, but unreal melodrama, in which Evelyn Brent, Louise Fazenda and Irene Rich head the cast (Par.).

Merely Mary Ann—Love in a boarding-house, as interpreted by Janet Gaynor (who's a slavey) and Charles Farrell (who's a struggling composer). Sentimental, but who would have it otherwise? (Fox).

Monkey Business—The mad, mad Marxes (all four of them) enter business—and temporarily end all depression. If it's nonsense you like, don't miss it (Par.).

Murder at Midnight—Four murder mysteries all in one picture, with the suspense rising by the minute. Alice White returns to the screen in a small rôle (Tiffany).

My Sin—Again handicapped by a trite story (about a lady with a dance-hall past), Tallulah Bankhead again proves that she is one of the screen's best actresses. Fredric March assists her nobly (Par.).

Pagan Lady—Evelyn Brent smolders this time as a Havana barmaid who teams up with a he-man rum-runner (Charles Bickford), and turns down a missionary (Conrad Nagel) in doing so. Sexy—but potent—melodrama (Col.).

Penrod and Sam—Booth Tarkington's famous boys come to life anew in the persons of Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan. Human and humorous. A picture for the entire family (F. N.).

Personal Maid—Nancy Carroll is another poor lass who "wants nice things," but hearkens to conscience just the same. Nancy and Pat O'Brien rise above the material (Par.).

The Phantom of Paris—As a bearded mystery man, John Gilbert not only has a new appearance, but a new type of story—and makes a real comeback (M-G-M).

Platinum Blonde—Robert Williams, as a breezy reporter, marries and tries to get along with the wealthy Jean Harlow, who likes unusual men. Amusing (Col.)

Rebound—On the "rebound" from disappointing love affairs, Ina Claire and Robert Ames marry—with results that are sophisticated and witty. Leave the children home (RKO-Pathé).

Riders of the Purple Sage—Zane Grey's famous story again becomes an action movie, featuring George O'Brien, Marguerite Churchill, Noah Beery, a stampede, a pistol duel in a courtroom and a forest fire (Fox).

The Road to Singapore—William Powell sheds his tuxedo and has a good chance to be emotional as the lover of another man's wife (Doris Kenyon) in the South Seas. Powell at his best (W. B.).

(Continued on page 100)

Rose Hobart has her heart-breaking moments in "We Three," which also features Ben Lyon and Juliette Compton

Ziegfeld Was Right About Sally Eilers

(*Continued from page 66*)

star or a dancing girl, lay behind her. Sally was born in New York, but her family had moved West just about the time Sally was of high-school age.

Sally and Carmen Pantages and Reginald Denny's wife, "Bubbles," and George Lewis' wife and Loretta Young and Sally Blane and Carole Lombard all grew up in Hollywood. After school they used to go over to Carmen Pantages' swimming-pool and watch and meet a few of the movie stars who dropped over to the beautiful Vermont Avenue home of the Pantages. Sally, along with the rest of them, had movie ambitions. When she was old enough to wear a beret on the back of her head, short skirts and a crimson lipstick, she set out to make a round of the studios. The casting directors would ask her: "What experience have you had?" It was quite a fight for Sally to refrain from mentioning her high-school graduation exercises.

In the beginning she had a little luck. It just happened that she accompanied Carole Lombard (then Jane Peters) to the Mack Sennett Studio for lunch one day. It happened that Mack and Alice Day had a come-to about certain costumes Alice was to wear in "The Goodbye Kiss." Alice said she "wouldn't." Mack retorted that if she didn't, some other girl would.

"The Goodbye Kiss" launched Sally nicely on a career of pictures and publicity. The Wampas selected her as one of our most promising candidates for stardom and for a moment things looked swell for Sally. Her mother and father and kid brother had even ceased to grumble about her career. When she engaged the professional services of a press-agent, it was definitely understood that Sally was "in the movies."

For several months after the Sennett picture Sally sat back to watch her career and her press notices. The career was not much trouble; nothing much happened. The press notices were more colorful than anything she did on the screen. "Sally Eilers is stepping out with Matty Kemp," the gossip columnists noted. "Sally Eilers announces her engagement to William Hawks" rated a headline on the second page. When she remonstrated that her passing flirtations were about all he seemed to be able to get in print, the P. A. answered: "Well, you don't do anything else, Sally." This was too true to be funny.

It was along about this willy-nilly stage of her career that she met Hoot Gibson. She had been engaged as his leading woman in a picture. Before the film was finished, Sally was engaged to Hoot.

The engagement of Sally and Hoot was a very gay affair socially. Sally's Hollywood social life has always been a lot of fun. Carmen Pantages and Marian Nixon and "Bubbles" Denny and Marie Prevost alternated as hostesses in honor of the bride-to-be. Because she and Hoot were married two weeks after Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Bebe and Sally were jointly guests of honor at many Hollywood parties. It was a gay season for fun—but nothing much was happening to her career.

Florenz Ziegfeld came to Hollywood to supervise "Whoopee," met Sally at Hoot's rodeo and startled the colony by choosing her as the most attractive girl he had met.

She made "Sailor's Holiday" with Buster Keaton and "Reducing" with Marie Dressler. After that she went back to Keaton for "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" and stepped into a featured rôle with Norma Shearer in "Let Us Be Gay." She managed to keep working, but she wasn't setting the world on fire.

The first big break of her career came in Roland Brown's "Quick Millions." Mr. Brown's picture attracted a good deal of attention and several reviewers, who had formed the practice of letting Sally slide off their typewriters, suddenly made note of the fact that "Sally Eilers turns in a surprisingly effective performance." The Fox people must have thought so—they signed her to a long-term contract.

"The Black Camel" was her second Fox picture—and she hated it. Not even the trip to Honolulu with the company and Hoot could make up to Sally the disappointments she felt in this picture. Only one thing kept her going. Winfield Sheehan had promised that if Sally turned in a good performance in "The Black Camel," she might be permitted to read the script of "Bad Girl" when she returned.

Sally wanted that part as she had never wanted anything else in her life. It dealt with the problems of "the average girl," her wisecracks, her mode of living, and Sally felt she knew that girl by heart.

When her rôle in "The Black Camel" turned out even worse than she had expected, she almost gave up hope of ever seeing the script of "Bad Girl." But things do work out nicely in Hollywood once in a while. When Sally stepped off the boat, the script was waiting for her.

If you don't think Sally has been stepping along ever since, you must have missed the glowing reviews of "Bad Girl." Now she's appearing in "Over the Hill"—one of the big specials of the year.

As Sally says: "It's a riot!"

News and Gossip of All the Studios

(*Continued from page 83*)

EDNA MAY COOPER, once a movie star and now a flying star, has just sent us an announcement that she and her ten-year-old son, "Little Pal Karl" (Edna was once Karl Brown's wife), are about to start working their way around the world by air in "The Love Bird," Edna's own 'plane. She is prepared to get you autographs, carry mail for souvenir postmarks and do any other little air chores you might like.

A CRUEL practical jokester is at work in our midst. For the past month or so, Trem Carr Studios have been besieged by hopeful and hungry-looking extras, who clamored that someone had called them on the telephone and told them to report for work there. After a few weeks, baiting the extras appeared to pall, for it was "bit" players and free-lances who were the joker's next victims. Then agents were called on the 'phone and asked to send high-priced stars to various studios for tests. At any time this would be cruel, but after such a lean summer (the leanest in Hollywood history), when players' nerves are taut with strain—and their stomachs empty—it is the work of a real fiend.

KAY FRANCIS (Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna) gave a dinner party the other evening and invited three couples. When she and the three other wives descended to the drawing-room from powdering their lovely noses after dinner, Kay looked about the deserted room in amazement (or so the story goes). "Why, where are the men?" she cried. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," one of the others answered. "They've gone to the fights—they said for us to play contract till they came back." Kay drew herself up. "Do you suppose I want to spend my evening with a lot of *women?*" she is quoted as saying. "If the men have gone, you might as well go home! I'm going to bed!" And they did. And she did.

THE latest thing in Hollywood parties, however, was that recently given to a newcomer from New York. On the engraved invitations that were mailed to the inner circle of Hollywood society appeared the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Starrett" and "Mr. and Mrs. John P. Medbury." But it developed, when people began to arrive at the party, that apparently the hosts and hostesses had not been informed they were giving a party! At any rate, only one of the four showed up, and then rather breathlessly a few moments before the end. But there was plenty to eat and drink, the guest of honor was charming—and Hollywood doesn't need hosts to have a good time.

THIS story may shed light on how wild tales start in Hollywood. My neighbor's high-school daughter and several friends rushed in breathlessly the other afternoon and announced, "Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are married!" It was pointed out to them that Janet was already married to Lydell Peck. "Oh, no!" said the girls in chorus. "You're 'way out of date! They were divorced secretly months ago!" Even if that unlikely contingency were true, it was further pointed out, Virginia Valli Farrell would undoubtedly object to having another lady marry her husband. "Well, anyhow," said the chorus, "we saw Janet and Charlie coming out of church together, holding hands! At least, it looked like them—"

One of the most confirmed home-girls in Hollywood is Elissa Landi, who's addicted to lounging pajamas. Also, of course, she's happily married. In fact, she has just gone over to England to visit husband John Lawrence

THE mother of three almost equally famous players was attending a party with one of her daughters the other day. After a time the daughter grew lively and ran about pinching the guests.

"When C— gets tight she's cute," remarked mother of her youngest. "When N— (the middle daughter) gets tight, she's a perfect lady. But when N—(her oldest daughter) gets tight, I just hate her!"

THE fifth anniversary of Valentino's death found the crowds greater than ever at his grave and at the memorial services at the church. Pola Negri and Jean Acker, his first wife, stood side by side at his tomb, and left wreaths (with their names on them). Old ladies fainted with emotion, young women had hysterics. It is astonishing what vitality the young Italian's fame still has!

IT is rumored that Krishnamurti, young Hindu whose millions of followers call him the "Second Christ," may be prevailed upon to make a motion picture of India called "Untouchable." Now for Mahatma Gandhi—but the Hays office would insist on his wearing more clothes.

LINA BASQUETTE is Headline Material. She makes news wherever she goes. The latest occasion was at the Embassy Roof, where Lina has been doing a dancing act. Dozens of guests saw what happened. Saw the orchestra leader, scowling, mumble his introduction of the dancer. Saw Lina whirl dangerously on him and rush toward him as if to pull his hair. Saw him flee, leaving the orchestra leaderless, to stumble through a makeshift dance number as best it could, for Lina and the orchestra leader never returned. It seems that she was annoyed because he refused to move a big piano that impeded a triumphant entrance for her dance.

AND what's this we hear about the party that prolonged itself so far into the morning that the neighbors sent for the police? "It was a great success!" said one of the guests. "The cops came three times. And the last time the hostess asked their advice about getting rid of some of her guests, who were so plastered they didn't know their way home—and she was so sweet and charming about it all that the cops helped her out by taking her guests home for her."

THE Fiesta to celebrate Los Angeles' 150th Birthday threatened to be a flop financially, but the Motion Picture Night brilliantly saved the situation. The proceeds from this one evening were more than enough to pay the entire expenses of the ten-day Fiesta, and twenty thousand who bought tickets couldn't get into the crowded Stadium. "A quarter of Los Angeles is here tonight," claimed Marshal Harold Lloyd. Drawn by advertisements that claimed that many famous stars would be present and perform, the audience was disappointed by several of these stars. Notably they grumbled because at the last moment Ken Maynard refused—from some grievance—to put on his advertised riding act. Douglas Fairbanks' partner did not turn up, so the game that Doug promised the crowds also had to be omitted.

THE Baby Star whose poise was the most marked was the one who was the first choice of the Wampas—Anita Louise, fifteen years old. This marvelous Younger Generation! Tall, slim Anita swept to the microphone and spoke clearly and with charm and good sense. The gowns of the Baby Stars as a whole were disappointing, being too fussy and motion-picturish.

A CLOSE friend of Ben and Bebe Lyon is a newspaper lady who writes a column for the morning papers. It was her hard luck that after she had gone to the hospital with Bebe and remained with her for ten hours, the baby was born in time for the afternoon papers to get the story first!

How Tragedy Has Stalked the Screen Beauties

(*Continued from page 35*)

Is it necessary to relate the unhappiness that haunted Clara Bow after she began her career by winning a beauty contest conducted by MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE? This girl, whose face should have earned her *everything*, has experienced the wreck of both health and spirit. Unhappy love affairs, lawsuits, false friends, and attempted blackmail have been Clara's rewards from her spirited loveliness.

The same might be said of Sally O'Neil, an exquisite little Irish mick of black curling hair and deep blue eyes. Marshall Neilan once said: "There was no prettier girl in the world than Sally at seventeen—when I first discovered her for pictures." At twenty-five, Sally is still lovely, in spite of the beauty jinx that has pursued her career. The crashing of a great love affair . . . an adored brother whose companions lured him into serious trouble . . . bankruptcy . . . two idle years away from work in the studios. This girl who started out far ahead of Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett in that first important picture of the trio—"Sally, Irene and Mary"—was left to the pity of her profession while Constance and Joan soared on to film heights.

And there is Claire Windsor, once known as "The Orchid Girl" of the screen. What has Claire's great beauty brought her? Two unhappy marriages and an indifferently successful career that now finds her on the fringe of the industry.

Olive Thomas, known as "the most beautiful girl in the world" and certainly one of the loveliest the screen has ever mirrored, died in Paris at the age of twenty-three. There were whispers about that death—and finally an investigation. Could this girl, who had so much to live for, have met her death by her own hand? The investigators finally came to the conclusion that the beautiful girl (first wife of Jack Pickford) had mistaken a bottle of poison for sleeping powders, following a gay party in a Paris café. The gift of beauty for twenty-three years—then tragedy.

Olive Thomas, once called "the most beautiful girl in the world," mistook poison for a sleeping potion—and died

Barbara La Marr. A Judge called her "too beautiful" . . . too beautiful to stand the pace of life set by her glowing loveliness.

Alma Rubens . . . dusky, exquisite . . . as lovely as a magnolia blossom . . . she lived and died in agony of flesh and spirit.

Martha Mansfield . . . burned to death from live ash from her cigarette that caught in her flimsy gown as she sat on a movie set. Beautiful Martha, whose beauty was fated to bloom for only nineteen brief years.

Truly, the history of Hollywood's great beauties is sad!

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—substitutes don't offer this safety and security

IT is not enough for a sanitary pad to look like Kotex. To be safe, sanitary protection must be as hygienically made as Kotex. Immaculate. Clean. The kind of product a hospital approves.

So, when tempted to try a substitute, don't be satisfied with the careless statement, "just like Kotex." Ask how this substitute was made. Where. By whom.

Health is involved

Demand a complete answer to these questions. You have a right to know—your health is involved. Be very sure before you sacrifice the absolute safety of Kotex.

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Kotex is bought by hospitals in enormous quantities—for it fully meets their requirements. Kotex, indeed, is made with hospital care. In surroundings of immaculate cleanliness. Modern methods are used throughout, so hands never touch Kotex in the making. As soon as made, Kotex is sealed in dustproof packages.

Every precaution is taken for your comfort as well as health. Kotex is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. And it is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. These layers absorb away from the surface, which remains soft and delicate.

Kotex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Or, singly, in cabinets by West Disinfecting Company.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

1. ***The Kotex absorbent*** is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
2. ***Kotex is soft . . .*** Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
3. ***Can be worn on either side*** with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
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The new Kotex Belt.

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patent:d process, Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

The Movie Heroes of the World War

(*Continued from page 30*)

U. S. A. Signal Corps

Private Ernest B. Schoedsack (later producer of "Grass," "Chang," etc.) was behind a camouflaged movie camera during the Vesle drive

Armistice Dismayed McLaglen

THE outstanding War memory of Major Victor McLaglen — who has become *Captain Flagg* to you and you—was the march into Bagdad, when he saw green trees, flowers and grass for the first time in more than a year. Eighteen months on the white-hot sands of the Arabian desert had seared his soul as well as his body.

"After your eyes have been burned till they have you muttering, a green tree or a bit of grass or the tinkling of water is heaven," says McLaglen. "It was in Bagdad that we got the news of the Armistice. In a brief moment that splendid day in Capetown flashed through my mind—the day when war was declared and every man started a mad rush to military headquarters, leaving his hammer, his pen, his butcher's cleaver where he dropped it, the day when common men became heroes at a word. 'What in the name of God will we do now?' I thought, dismayed. The War was over—what was going to take the place of these thrill-filled days? Sometimes I still wonder. It was a great war—a wonderful show—I wouldn't have missed it for the world, even if I did lose a brother and hundreds of friends. Eight McLaglens joined the colors."

While Private Buster Keaton feels he peeled his way through the war via the potato route, he'll never forget the drizzly night that he nearly lost his life—and not at the hands of the enemy, either! It was his own camp sentry who had called to him to halt three times. Buster had contracted a deafness due to the constant cold and dampness and could not hear the sentry's voice. He did hear the gun click and stood dead in his tracks, much to the relief of the sentry when he discovered who it was. "Good God, Keaton!" cried the guard. "In another second I'd have fixed you for a wooden overcoat!"

Lebedeff's Prize Prisoner

IVAN LEBEDEFF was a captain in the Czar's forces. He took part in many a raiding party into the German lines. One of the outstanding achievements of this daredevil Russian was the capture at Nevel of a German general—Lieutenant-General Von Fabarius, the only German general captured during the War.

"One memory that often comes into my mind," says Ivan, "is the time a group of sixty of us, wounded, hungry and homeless, rode after three days without rest, into an old abandoned castle where we found both food and wine, mysteriously set out as if we were expected guests." Lebedeff has the Cross of St. George. He saw service on both the German and Bulgarian fronts, where he was wounded several times. Only recently he had a bullet removed from his chest where he had carried it fourteen years.

Clive Brook rose to be a Major from the ranks of the "Artists' Rifles." Long after the war was over, he would find himself in all sorts of embarrassing predicaments from the shell-shock he sustained.

"It's not much fun remembering yourself in a seat in a theater, looking at a scene in 'Samson and Delilah' and then 'coming to,' hugging an iron mud-scraper outside a front door on the other side of London," says Major Brook. "I am thankful that I outgrew this affliction as the years passed."

Ronald Colman was in London when the War ended. That mad Armistice night on Piccadilly Circus is the most unforgettable War memory he has. Or perhaps he doesn't dare remember others.

Adolphe Remembers "The Tiger"

CAPTAIN ADOLPHE MENJOU first served as a private overseas and also was an ambulance driver. He tells the story of the day in Bouillonville during the Argonne drive when Clemenceau appeared in his motorcar and under heavy fire got out, walked calmly to the American officer on the field, talked with him a moment, then as calmly walked back to his car and drove off.

"It took more than a bit of shellfire to daunt that old tiger," says Menjou. "It was this great spirit that cheered every man within sight of it and the word soon went around of what had happened. That put the old fighting urge up a bit with all of us. To me, that was the most dramatic episode I can remember. I was at Sivry-la-Perche when we heard that the show was over. What a madness was in the air—men went insane with relief!"

Captain Bela Lugosi of the Hungarian forces is often twitted by his dining companions because of the peculiar far-away expression that comes over his face when a dish of Hungarian goulash is placed before him.

"I see a group of men like dogs—tearing at the earth, looking for scraps of meat," said Lugosi when someone insisted on knowing what brought that look. "It was during the War. We had been under constant fire for four days and four nights with no supplies, when a kitchen wagon, loaded with pots of steaming goulash, came up back of the lines. There was a mad rush—discipline was forgotten. Those men, like animals, watering at the mouth, fought to reach the steaming pots. Then a shell struck right in the midst of it all. Men, horses and goulash flew in all directions. As soon as the débris cleared, those who were left, seemingly unmindful that other shells—hundreds of them—were whizzing overhead, got down on their hands and knees and grubbed in the mess for what they could find of the remains of the food."

Last, But Not Least

AND so it goes, on and on and on. The motion picture industry is well supplied with its war heroes. Not all of them hit the firing line or even got across. Among those who could add their experiences "over there," if space permitted, are:

Claude Allister, who saw the first actual war-tank service in the British tank division, at the battle of Cambrai—

Bob Lee, who discussed poetry with Joyce Kilmer of "Trees" fame under heavy gunfire on the French front—

Kenneth Harlan, one of the first Hollywood buck privates to hit the trenches—

Franklin Pangborn, wounded in the Argonne—

James Hall, who organized his trench buddies into a jazz band—

Norman Kerry, a lieutenant in the American Tank Corps—

Leslie Howard, who served with the British "and will never be the same again"—

Paul Lukas, who did his bit on the Hungarian front—

Reginald Denny, who joined the Royal Flying Corps—

John Miljan, who was in the Marines and was chalked up A.W.O.L. and given a sanity test for breaking out of the guardhouse.

George K. Arthur, who served with the Scotch troops—

And Reginald Sharland, the English actor, who is still awed by the memory of countless thousands of men standing bareheaded before the gates of Buckingham Palace, coming from shops, markets, banks, shipping offices—men who had never thought of fighting—and ready to get on the firing line for king and country.

Not all Hollywood's war heroes are in the ranks of the stars. There is the gatekeeper at RKO Studios, for instance. To the players, extras, and electricians who pass him every day he is "George"—but he was Major George D. Beaumont when it was his glorious duty to telegraph all the front-line American divisions, with his own hands tapping the keys at General Headquarters, the most important message of the War.

Major Beaumont saved the original copy of this message and both Smithsonian Institute and the Library of Congress have tried to persuade him to give them this famous war relic. He agreed to place the document in the archives of Stanford University.

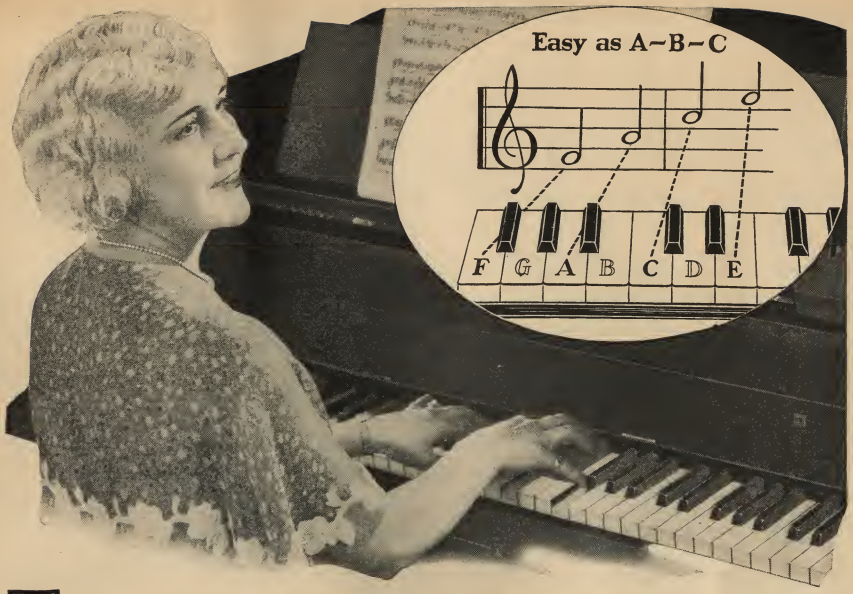
"It's about all I salvaged out of the service," he says. "It's my most precious possession, but it belongs to the world—"

For this is what the message said, sent over a weary world on November 11, 1918:

"Armistice with Germany has been signed. All hostilities cease."

Charles Phelps Cushing

After a battle near Chateau-Thierry, Lieut. Wesley Ruggles (later director of "Cimarron," etc.,) looked for battlefield souvenirs



Too Old to Learn Music?

Hardly. Not after thousands and thousands of men and women between the ages of 30 and 50 have enrolled with the famous U. S. School of Music and have learned to play their favorite instruments without the slightest difficulty or waste of time!

WHAT has your age got to do with learning music when you now have a method at your disposal that has done away with compulsory practice—that has tabooed monotonous scales and harsh-sounding finger gymnastics—that has slashed expensive fees—that makes *you* the boss instead of requiring a personal teacher?

If, year after year, hundreds and hundreds of children, scarcely in their "teens," learn to read notes and play a musical instrument with only our printed instructions and illustrated diagrams to guide them, think how simple it must be for older people to follow, benefit and progress rapidly in this home-study manner.

Always Fascinating

You can't go wrong. You'll never lose patience. Not only will you *want* to study—you'll actually look forward to the "next lesson" when you study music the U. S. School way.

And no wonder. You spend a little time each day in the privacy of your own home seeing and hearing your musical dreams come true. There's no personal teacher to take orders from—no intricate explanations to baffle you—no trust-to-luck tactics. For right with you at all times are our concise print and picture instructions keeping you on the right track—telling you what to play and showing you how to play it—taking you over a delightful short-cut to musical accomplishment. Each new lesson contains a new thrill. For the entire course from the very beginning to the end is brimful of cheerful, tuneful selections which you eagerly learn to play *by note*.

And as far as money is concerned—you'll never have any complaint. For, regardless of which instrument you select, the cost of learning will average only a few cents a day.

Music Will Be An Unfailing Friend

The older you get, the more you need the solace and pleasure that self-made music affords. Anyone can tune in on a radio—play a record or get music out of a player piano. But what empty satisfaction compared to making music *yourself!*

The ability to play, on the other hand, offers you a definite escape from monotony—gives you the opportunity to do something real—to meet people—to make friends. And there's nothing like good music to help you forget your troubles.

Every child, too, who can play a musical instrument is equipped with an accomplishment that attracts, entertains and holds chums—that replaces bashfulness with confidence and poise—that assures a social and profitable "stand-by" for their later years.

Think of the wonderful satisfaction of being able to play what you want and whenever you are so inclined. Forget your age. And bear in mind, you don't have to know one note from another to start your lessons from the U. S. School of Music.

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
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Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Juniors' Piano Course

Write Us First

Are you sincerely interested in music to the extent that you want to find out all about this easy as A-B-C method of learning? Then send at once for our 64-page booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" that explains this famous method in detail and that is yours *free* for the asking. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson, which *proves* how delightfully quick and easy—how *thorough*—this modern method is.

If you really want to learn to play at home—without a teacher—in one-half the usual time—and at one-third the usual cost—by all means send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson TODAY. No obligation. (Instrument supplied if desired—cash or credit.) U. S. School of Music, 6012 Brunswick Bldg., New York.

Thirty-Fourth Year (Established 1898)

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course.

..... Have You Instrument?.....

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

How Hollywood Gets Its Wild Reputation

(*Continued from page 45*)

people trouble is bound to happen, just as surely as it happens occasionally in any city of seventeen thousand people. But why should these unknowns, who often have no connection with Hollywood whatsoever, give the city its reputation? Because a bank clerk occasionally steals money, prominent bankers don't get the reputation of being thieves.

Specific cases, however, are better than generalities. So just to check up on how Hollywood gets its reputation, I clipped all the local Los Angeles and Hollywood newspapers for film-scandal stories for a period of sixty days. (I hate to think what the intake would have been in a year!) The names involved I checked with the Central Casting Bureau and the Hays organization. I must confess that practically all of these names were strange to me, and I know Hollywood fairly well. I think they'll be strange to you, too.

In most of the cases—and this is important—the people were strange to these two organizations. And among the employees of Central Casting are people who know practically everyone who has been in pictures in Hollywood for 20 years! They hold their jobs because their memories are good.

This picture shows you another view of the movie capital—which looks like any busy suburb of any big town, no better and no worse. Note the hills that prevent Hollywood from growing much larger

Ever Hear of Marion Brazier?

FOR instance, stories recently appeared in all the local papers under an Eastern date-line, telling how Marion Brazier, "one-time Hollywood film star," had sawed her way out of a Hackensack, N. J. jail a few years ago, leaving a fresh note for a detective, and how that worthy had recently met her when she left a penitentiary in Massachusetts and re-arrested her on the old charge. Pictures of this "one-time star" later appeared, and in one Los Angeles paper were spread over five columns.

I never heard of Marion Brazier in pictures. Did you? I can find no record of her in any of the film year books, and certainly she was never a "star" in the Hollywood sense of the word. But what is more important, nobody at Central Casting, according to information forwarded me by the Hays organization, had ever heard of her, *either* as an extra or a star. Yet those dispatches and pictures were carried in probably three thousand daily papers in the United States, and millions of readers will never be disillusioned. It will only add one more nail of surety to their conviction that Hollywood actresses are wild, wild women!

Some nights ago, while going down Hollywood Boulevard, I heard the newsboys shouting: "Woman Whips Movie Star." I stopped and bought a paper. The headline read: WIFE TELLS COURT STORY OF WHIPPING "OTHER WOMAN"—*Film Actress Thrashed in Jealous Rage.*

Another Star Gone Wrong?

"THIS must be hot stuff," thousands of newspaper readers must have said as they got a paper. "Wonder if it's Mary Pickford, or Norma Shearer, or Dorothy Mackaill, or Joan Crawford? Say, this Hollywood is certainly a wild place."

Well, here's the story as it ran, for a column or more, in the paper:

"Sure I thrashed her—why not? She deserved it—and I took matters into my own hands."

With this proffered justification Mrs. Mary Baxter, living at 2001 North Gramercy Place told, in Judge Georgis Bullock's court yesterday how on March 23 she had beaten Miss Lois Fournier, of 1663 Waterloo St., *a film actress.*

Her reason, she said, was that Miss Fournier had gone to Tia Juana with her husband, Harry C. Baxter, a certified public accountant, etc."

The italics are mine. You will notice that the "film actress" angle was mentioned twice, once in the headline and again at the beginning of the story.

Here is the report Central Casting gave me, through the Hays organization, on Miss Fournier's Hollywood prominence. (And by the way, I hadn't heard of her, had you?) She is not registered with Central Casting. (Nor do the film annuals reveal her as an actress—and these annuals list players above "extra" prominence who have received screen credit.) The people at Central Casting, however, have heard of her and understand that she has done a small amount of picture work.

"Two Typical Wild Parties"

THEN I picked up another headline: POLICE BREAK UP WILD PARTY IN LAUREL CANYON—MOVIE DIRECTOR IS ARRESTED. I refrain from mentioning the names in this case, as the party turned out to be not so wild after all. It was one of those social standabouts with a little kitchen-drinking in that portion of Laurel Canyon known as the "Whispering Gallery" because the neighbors half a mile away, due to peculiar acoustics, can hear echoes of each others' social doings, and because there are a number of crabs who turn each other over to the police.

The "movie director" mentioned in this story was not a director at all, but a second assistant director who had never worked in a major studio. The charges were dismissed, as he was not intoxicated. He had merely objected to having the cops appear, and they pinched him for having "sassed" them. As for the rest of the party, it was so tame that it wouldn't even have caused a ripple in Des Moines, Iowa. But that was how another "wild Hollywood party" broke into print.

Then there was a big banner-line a few days later: POLICE RAID FILM PARTY—HOLLYWOOD LEADING MAN BATTLES WITH OFFICER. The actor who was arrested in this case was from the stage. He had arrived in Hollywood only ten days before. It was his first trip. He had engaged a house, and was holding a housewarming, but there wasn't a single film player present when the police arrived. The actor has since appeared in the lead of one picture, and has gone back to the stage. But Hollywood film folk got the credit for the party!

Tied Up With a Murder

HERE, however, is the most flagrant case in recent months of a newspaper's abuse of the good name of the film players for pure purposes of circulation. It is the deliberate creating of a headline sensation, using the name of an innocent film actress who was attempting to aid the police.

Of course, there is no news quite so juicy to millions of newspaper readers as the fact that a film player is mixed up in a murder. Draw your own conclusions as to these headlines, which appeared in practically every Los Angeles and Hollywood paper in one day: ACTRESS RELATES EVENTS AFTER DOUBLE SLAYING—Film Player Tells of Seeing Three Men Leave Crawford's Office.—FILM BEAUTY AIDS MURDER PROBE!—FILM ACTRESS NEW WITNESS IN CRAWFORD MURDER!

Certainly sounds bad, doesn't it? Another movie star mixed up in a murder! Sub-heads referred to her as a "pretty blonde Hollywood film actress," and captions said she "loomed today as a possible key-witness in the Crawford murder, following disclosures she made to the police."

But what are the facts? Why, Miss Jean Riley happened to be driving down Sunset Boulevard, where thousands of cars pass in an hour, at four-thirty one afternoon when two or three men came running from the bungalow office of Charles Crawford, a Los Angeles politician, just after he and Herbert Spencer, a newspaperman, had been shot. Miss Riley told the police she had seen the men running from the office.

She Only Did Her Duty

I INQUIRED of the Hays organization who Miss Jean Riley was. It seems that she was once featured in movies some years ago, and is to-day the mother of a child who sometimes gets minor rôles.

She not only had every right, but it was a civic duty, to report to the police. Yet eight-column banner-lines heralded to the world that another "film player" was mixed up in a murder! Wild Hollywood—that's one of the ways it gets its reputation.

Do you know the following people—you picture fans? Well, here's a story that appeared recently in a Los Angeles paper,

below this headline: ACTRESS ASKS $100,000 FOR SCAR ON HEAD—Sues Film Director, Charging He Was Intoxicated And Crashed Into Another Car.

For a scar on her forehead, which she alleges permanently disfigures her, and other injuries, Mildred Dalzell, *film actress*, seeks $100,000 damages.

A suit demanding this amount from Sandy Roth, *film director*, was filed yesterday by her attorney. The actress alleges that while with Roth, the director became intoxicated and permitted his car to collide with one driven by Giles Boyd.

As a result of the accident Miss Dalzell declares she suffered cuts on her face and severe nervous shock. The cuts have left a permanent scar which will prevent her from continuing her film career, she contends.

Never having heard of Miss Mildred Dalzell among the Swansons, Crawfords, Garbos, or Bennetts, and not recognizing the name of Sandy Roth among the DeMilles, Milestones, Beaudines, or Brenons, I again called on the Hays office for information.

Yes, replied the Hays office, their records showed that Miss Dalzell worked in pictures. She was registered as an extra at Central Casting. Roth, too, is known in pictures, but he is not "a director." He, like so many others who get into the papers as "directors," is in reality an assistant director, of whom there are hundreds in Hollywood. But that story in print was all more flame for Hollywood's fanfare of "wildness."

Stars Responsible for Relatives?

FREQUENT are the attempts to give news stories about the relatives of the film famous a sensational tinge. I recall one story a time back which got into print because a warrant was sworn out in Arkansas for a man described as "a cousin of Will Rogers." He actually happened to be a second cousin of Will Rogers' wife! And the other day there was a front-page story, occupying a whole column, which appeared under the following headline: MAE MARSH SISTER WINS SUIT AGAINST RICH SPANISH MATE.

Mae Marsh, a star in the Gish days, has recently returned to pictures after years away from the screen, but her sister, so far as I can find out, has never been in the films. Yet their relationship makes it a "Hollywood divorce" story.

Back in the old days, when Eastern visitors hopped off the train, they used to say: "The first things we want to see are the orange groves, the ostrich farm, and the abolone shells through the glass-bottomed boat at Catalina Island."

Nowadays they do the exit from the Pullman and shout: "Take us to Hollywood as fast as you can get us there. We want to see these wild movie stars in the flesh, and see the studios, and get the latest dirt and—er—what chance do you think there'd be of getting in on a wild Hollywood party?"

The orange groves are deserted, the trolley line no longer runs excursions for the tourists out through the picturesque countryside, the ostriches can bury their heads without annoyance from rubberneck tourists, and the glass-bottomed boats might as well not be there. For the tourists are all in Hollywood, looking for trouble!

So it goes in "wild Hollywood." We get our reputation from our own newspapers, which of course, act as feeders for the press associations that cover the country. We don't get it from our notables except in the rarest cases. They have too much at stake to afford notoriety. But "movie names make the paper," and banner-lines can be deceptive, hurtling unknowns into five-minute newspaper fame.

It is these that our tourist visitors—and there are nearly three-quarters of a million of them a year in Southern California—see in our headlines. And it is on this basis that they hurry home to tell the folks how "scandals are popping in Hollywood almost every day!"

8th Prize — WHY I CHANGED-TO-MARLBORO CONTEST

Capt. M. B. Driscoll, Washington, D. C.

So long as smoking was confined to men, it was only a habit. Since women have taken it up, smoking has become an art.

As a habit, any old cigarette would satisfy. An art, however, demands discrimination. After I had learned that smoking is social, I soon learned that the Marlboro is a social asset. Looking at smoking as a social art, I look more to the appearance and effect of the cigarette.

The Marlboro is dainty, individual; and for distinction, there is no cigarette superior to the Marlboro. It is the cigarette of Society. That is why I changed to Marlboros.

M. B. Driscoll.

...55% more in safety and enjoyment at only 5 cents more in price

MARLBORO

PLAIN or IVORY TIPPED

America's finest cigarette

ONCE upon a time there was an average man who decided to become a Great Inventive Genius.

His first creation was a cake cutter—a tin hoop with sections like an orange. You just pressed the hoop down over the cake, and the sharpened sections cut the whole into perfect wedge-shaped pieces.

The Inventive Genius, eager to cash in on his creation, sought some advertising counsel. But the first thought of the Advertising Man was to see the cutter in action. Would it really cut cake?

Properly indignant, the Inventor challenged the suggestion. The cutter was hustled off to the practical kitchen of a woman who serves advertisers in a very practical way. She tests household devices and foods and recipes, just as you would test them in your own kitchen.

On the appointed day a lovely layer cake was baked expressly for the try-out. The shiny tin hoop slipped gently over the tender frosting. The blades pressed into the smooth top, and sent little shivery cracks in all directions. Then the dreadful truth was demonstrated. *The beautiful tin cutter wouldn't cut. . . . It merely squashed the cake!*

The household devices you see advertised in this magazine have all been tested and tried. They are practical. They positively do what their advertising says they will do. All this is determined *before* they are advertised here.

HE WANTS

Naturalness

TANGEE *gives it!*

Man is no beauty expert but he knows what he wants. He sees and he *judges*, and for reasons not so strange he looks first *at your lips*. There, above all else, he *insists* upon *Naturalness!*

Artificial, greasy smears and ugly red slashes have no appeal. So keep your lips soft, seductive and kissable, which the world's most famous lipstick, TANGEE, can do best of all!

Blonde? Brunette? Red-Head? Whichever you are, TANGEE blends itself subtly into your own complexion and heightens all the loveliness of your lips. It adds to your individuality and gives you that irresistible lure of *Naturalness*, which he demands.

TANGEE is the world's most famous lipstick and is approved by the famous fashion authorities, Harper's Bazaar, New York; Tatler and Sketch, London; Jardin des Modes, Paris.

TANGEE is Waterproof, Non-Drying and Non-Greasy. It's Permanence means lovely lips for hours.

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, *a special dark shade of* TANGEE LIPSTICK *and* ROUGE COMPACT *for theatrical and evening use.*

Try it today. There is no substitute for *NATURAL* lips—or TANGEE—so ask for it by name and *accept no substitute.*

TANGEE *Lipstick*

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. MP-10A
417 Fifth Avenue New York

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

That's Hollywood

(*Continued from page 16*)

Pola Negri, or **Ina Claire** and possibly see some of the picture folk themselves, who go swimming in the ocean along with everybody else.

John Murray Anderson remained at Universal for a year under a contract calling for $3,500 a week and not once was he put to work. Hollywood has rightly been called the last stand of Bohemia. Anything goes. You can attend a formal party in a sweat shirt. **Jack Oakie** gets away with it.

The cost of Kleig lights for the average world première is from $1,500 to $2,000. Five hundred limousines are rented on opening nights from a car company in town. Many actors own roadsters, but they do not care to appear in them "on exhibit."

Someone called the Kleig lights at an opening, Hollywood's idea of a mother putting a candle in the window for her straying children. This is not so good as the gag of a fellow who eyed a theater brilliant with many colored lights and asked, "When does it go off?"

Most contracts signed in movie studios these days contain provisos entitling the company to television as well as talkie and silent rights. The Embassy roof club has been opened to the public and you can see **Jean Harlow** dancing there almost any night.

The last reports from Central Casting Bureau indicate that there are nearly eighteen thousand extras in town. About eight hundred a day find work. This is not so rosy as it sounds for some of them work again and again, and others never get inside a studio at all. Most of them have jobs in other businesses where associates envy them their fleeting film appearances.

The first movie was made at the corner of Olive Street at Seventh, in Los Angeles, and they are going to put up a plaque to commemorate the spot. Only two or three of the big studios are actually located in Hollywood. Most of them are out in the country where land is cheaper, and extras do the best they can about bus connections.

Billie Dove is considered the most beautiful woman in Hollywood, though there is a school which stands back of **Dolores Del Rio. Lilyan Tashman** is conceded to be the best-dressed woman, though certain revolutionary groups have candidates of their own—the most prominent, **Kay Francis.**

The cruelest wisecrack we remember hearing was made after a famous dimpled star remarked that she was going to make two more pictures, see what she was like, and then decide whether to continue in films. A wit replied, "Why not look at your **last** two?"

Of the town characters, **Peter the Hermit** is the best known. He walks along, barefooted or with sandals, a white bag slung over his shoulder, clad in tattered shirt and white ducks, his beautiful white beard waving in the breeze. Tourists buy pictures of him that are on sale in Hollywood shops. Startling to people who don't know the town is the parrot that sits in a window near the Montmartre Cafe, hooting and calling to people on the sidewalk below.

Credo of a Hollywood man-about-town: that **Greta Garbo** is yearning to break her silence, but is afraid of her publicity director. That he personally was responsible for the discovery of at least three of this year's Wampas Babies. That **Mary Pickford** and **Douglas Fairbanks** will divorce within a few months, if they have not secretly done so already. That the mere mention of the word "television" will make any movie magnate shudder. That the man-about-town, himself, would be much happier if he could tear himself away from the celluloid town and return East, or North, or wherever he came from.

And by the way, the man-about-town's latest phrase to describe two people who are what **Walter Winchell** calls "that way" about one another is that they are writing a play. The idea started with a beautiful actress who introduced as her collaborator a blond young man who escorted her everywhere, but who was never seen to sit down in front of a typewriter. Writing a play for the coming season: **Lupe Velez** and **Winfield Sheehan.**

What Is The Menace That Every Star Dreads?

(*Continued from page 69*)

he has the saving grace of a sense of humor. Aileen Pringle finds it "very strange" and somehow significant that Important People in Hollywood invite her to their homes but seldom, as she puts it, invite her to their offices to offer her parts in pictures any more! Very strange, indeed, Aileen thinks this is. Was it because she wouldn't accept a part in a Western?

Belle Bennett, immediately after "Stella Dallas," had one of the greatest opportunities in pictures at one time. But she was sure that every hand was against her. When there was a misunderstanding over her seats for the opening of "Stella Dallas," she felt that it was planned that way to humiliate her. It reached such a stage with Belle that when a filling came out of her tooth during an important scene in a picture, she actually suspected the dentist of arranging it that way on purpose! She told me so, herself. And Belle's career flickered out as the Complex grew upon her. . . .

Adolphe Menjou is intelligent enough to know that his state of mind had much to do with his downward slide a couple of years ago. He says now that it was because he was nervous and in ill health. It's a smart man who can diagnose his trouble and cure himself when the Complex gets hold of him!

It is a sinister thing; indeed, the Hollywood Complex. It has wrecked more promising careers than any other one factor. If the new stars, just coming into fame, can only *see* and fight it!

She'd Rather Be Naughty Than Nice

(*Continued from page 75*)

Arlen's *Iris March*, who originated that costume—or she can doll up like the Empress Eugenie, hat and all, without looking like a Parisienne on the make.

That part in "Min and Bill" did other things for Dorothy. She had been popular with the local boys before, and always had plenty of escorts, but now came along what looked like a heavy romance. Donald Dilloway, who played the wealthy young chap in that picture, looked at Dorothy and didn't look away again—and Dorothy seemed to reciprocate. Hollywood observers opined that her improvement in "Min and Bill," as well as in such later pictures as "Shipmates" and "Young Sinners" was a direct result of that attachment.

She drives in from Playa Del Rey, where she and her mother have taken a cottage. (And she drives fast—she has been pinched for speeding.) The beach is close enough so that she can communicate between her home and the studio with comfort. It is a particularly nice arrangement for days when she works hard—it is not necessary to spend a grueling hour driving back to Hollywood through the traffic.

"You can rest and get to bed earlier?" I hinted. But she scented the trap. "No. We don't go to bed early." You can see how far this "nice" idea has got under her skin.

Maybe You Think She's Dumb

"IT'S not that I want to be silly about it," Dorothy admitted, "but the way I look at it is—this Awfully Nice Girl idea just isn't a good business proposition. It carries the idea of drabness, and, yes, even dumbness with most people. Even the studio executives must feel the influence. When a good part comes up, something with heart and life in it, they feel they should give it to a girl who has, shall we say, lived? The spineless, colorless parts, on the other hand, are put aside for the nice little girls. You know what I mean.

"Personally, I don't put in with the idea that it is necessary to have experienced every emotion in order to portray them all. But there is no sense in arguing the point. Hollywood is swayed by color and colorful people. Through so much publicity, the real personality of the actress is closely associated with her screen portrayals. In a way, I can understand how that is.

"My favorite actresses are Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Nancy Carroll, Joan Crawford and little Janet Gaynor. Naturally, I admire their work on the screen, but I'll have to admit that I am equally intrigued with the colorful personal things I know to be true about them. These girls aren't milk-and-water."

It is Dorothy's private ambition to do the light, sophisticated sort of thing in which Nancy Carroll specializes. Nancy's variety of program appeals to Dorothy. "She can do about two musical pictures a year, and then perhaps a romantic comedy, and then such splendid pictures as 'Devil's Holiday' and 'Laughter' to cap the climax. I can't imagine a grander variety of interesting rôles than Nancy Carroll gets."

"I Hope They Saw Me"

OF her own parts, she looks on that in "Min and Bill" as the most to her liking. The several pictures she did with Ramon Novarro were just a little too "nice."

"I loved that crazy kid in 'Min and Bill.' I tried to get so close to her I found myself wandering around the lot gesturing with my thumb and chewing gum a mile-a-minute. I hope Mr. Thalberg or Mr. Mayer saw me," she added wickedly. "I liked 'Love In The Rough'—remember that one?—because it gave me a chance to brush up on my singing and dancing."

It was this initial love of music and motion that brought Dorothy from Tennessee to the choruses of New York some three years ago. She began in the chorus of "Treasure Girl" and several months later in a musical comedy with the Astaires she was advanced to specialties. Dorothy loved Broadway. Even to see some star's name in electric lights made her tingle with excitement. She used to stand under the brilliant, white lights that proclaimed Marilyn Miller to the world and make believe that she was Marilyn and those were her lights.

She might have realized that electric-lighted ambition, for she had a flair for musical comedy; but before she ever got really started, someone from the Fox company offered her a chance to come to the Coast for talking pictures. An agent advised her to accept. After all, the theater was languishing while talking pictures made hey-hey.

So out she came and cooled her heels for six months on the Fox lot without being cast for one picture. To a lady with ambitions, that was a little monotonous. When the break came, she moved her make-up kit over to M-G-M. You might say she has been doing "nicely" ever since—if you dared!

There's no doubt now that she has grown up—and outgrown that "nice girl" stigma. Hasn't she just been borrowed by Paramount to play opposite their suave Paul Lukas in "A Beloved Bachelor"? Paul, you know, hasn't built himself a reputation by making love to girls in gingham or to mere adolescents.

The Jordan-Dilloway romance, aforementioned, seems to have capsized, and now Dorothy is frequently squired about by Howard Hughes, wealthy young producer of "Hell's Angels," "The Front Page," "Scarface," *et al.* Howard was long seen everywhere with Billie Dove, and his name also has been coupled with that of Jean Harlow. If Dorothy really has cut out such sirens as those—well, certainly the girl has progressed! And even if she hasn't, she's still dangerous enough to rate some big-time rôles! She's a self-made siren, this Dorothy Jordan—and don't you forget it.

Did You Know That--

Reginald Denny started taking moving pictures of his new son when Reggie, Jr. was a day old?

Hollywood is scorning the Empress Eugenie hats and taking to headpieces reminiscent of Mary, Queen of Scots, instead?

Elissa Landi has written a third novel in her spare time—and has gone over to England to see her husband (John Lawrence) and a publisher?

According to columnist Walter Winchell, Rudy Vallee said to Maurice Chevalier: "It's a pleasure to greet another great Frenchman, for I am of French extraction, too"?

John and Lionel Barrymore, who have never appeared together on the screen, may soon be co-starred in a picture?

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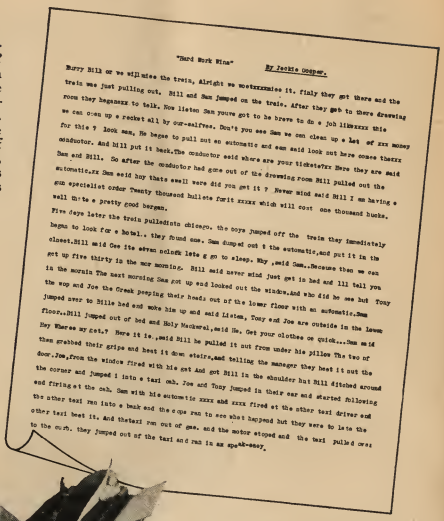
Is Jackie Cooper A Midget?

(*Continued from page 33*)

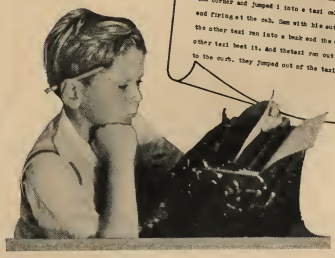
What does Jackie Cooper do in his spare time? *That* ought to give a hint as to his age. He goes to the movies—and he writes fiction. At the right, you see the first page of one of his stories, just as Jackie, himself, typed it. This shows what his mind is like



"Hard Work Wins" By Jackie Cooper.

Harry Bill or we miglhtes the train, Alright we wwwxxxmiss it. finly they got there and the train was just pulling out. Bill and Sam jumped on the train. After they got to there drawing room they bagannxx to talk. Now listen Sam youre got to be brave to do a job likexxx this we can come up a rocket all by our-selfres. Don't you see Sam we can clean up a lot of xxx money for this ? look sam, he begns to pull out an automatic and sam said look out here comes thexx conductor. And bill put it back.The conductor said where are your tickestsfxx Here they are said Sam and Bill. So after the conductor had gone out of the drawing room Bill pulled out the automatic.xx Sam said hay thats swell were did you get it ? Never mind said Bill I am having a gun specialist order Twenty thousand bullets fwrit xxxxx which will cost one thousand bucks. well thts a pretty good bargain.

Five days later the train pulledinto chicago. the boys jumped off the train they immediately begns to look for a hotel. they found one. Sam dumped out t the automatic,and put it in the closet.Bill said Gee its seven nclock lets g go to sleep. Hay ,said Sam..Because then we can get up five thirty in the mor nomino. Bill said never mind just get in bed and ill tell you in the mornin The next morning Sam got up and looked out the window.and who did he see but Tony the wop and Joe the Greek peeping their heads out of the lower floor with an automatic.Sam jumped over to Bills bed and woke him up and said Listen, Tony and Joe are outside in the lawn floor.Bill jumped out of bed and Holy Mackaral,said He. Get your clothes on quick...Sam said Hey Where my gats? Here it is.,said Bill he pulled it out from under his pillow The two of them grabbed their grips and beat it down stairs,and telling the manager they beat it out the door.Joe,from the window fired with his gat and got Bill in the shoulder but Bill ditched around the corner and jumped i into a taxi cab. Joe and Tony jumped in their car and started following and firing at the cab. Sam with his automatic xxxx and xxxx fired at the other taxi driver and the other taxi ran into a bank and the cops ran to see what happend but they were to late the other taxi beat it. And thetaxi ran out of gas. and the motor stoped and the taxi pulled over to the curb. they jumped out of the taxi and ran in an speak-easy.



years old, he was a mystery child to Hollywood when it "discovered" him. His first acting was in a Lloyd Hamilton comedy. Then in 1929 someone saw him on the set of "Fox Movietone Follies," where his mother was playing the piano for the dancing numbers and, attracted by his quaint personality, introduced a song for him. Next he recited "The Village Blacksmith" in "Sunny Side Up." Then came Our Gang Comedies for a year.

His Big Break

BUT it wasn't until he was chosen from six hundred children, in a near-riot on the Paramount lot, to play the rôle of *Skippy* that the world awoke to the fact that here was a new star in the making.

Paramount borrowed him from Hal Roach, M-G-M producer of Our Gang Comedies, for "Skippy"—and would have kept him, if they could. But after that film, M-G-M realized that they had a great little star under contract and wouldn't let him go. Not having any rôles available for him at the moment, they loaned him to RKO for "Donovan's Kid" and to Paramount again for "Sooky." Now, however, they have a number of stories waiting for him on the home lot—the first of which is "The Champ," with Wallace Beery. It's likely that he'll also be teamed with Marie Dressler before long. At least, Marie wants him to be.

They say, in the meantime, that Hal Roach is burning up over the stories that Jackie is a midget. Hal wouldn't use a midget. It's a matter of pride with him to discover youngsters with possibilities and to develop those possibilities. Jackie was just such a youngster—a bit more talented than most.

Though to the casual eye Jackie does not seem to have changed since his early pictures, he is really growing fast. Since "Skippy" was finished he is an inch taller. He could hardly get into the same costume in "Sooky," the sequel.

"He had the mumps just after he worked in 'Sunny Side Up,'" his mother says. "And he lost his first teeth in Our Gang Comedies—"

If kid diseases, growth and baby teeth aren't proofs of extreme youth—what are? Moreover, Jackie is in the fourth grade at school.

Mrs. Cooper is at a loss to understand how the lurid rumors about Jackie's age started—unless, she suggests, they are the result of talk among the mothers of other child actors. "Talk about jealousy between actors!" she smiles. "The most temperamental stars are friendly, compared to studio mothers! But we have lived right here in Hollywood all of Jackie's life. There are hundreds of people who have known us ever since he was born. I can give doctors, school teachers, neighbors as reference for his age."

She says frankly that she does not expect that Jackie's career as a child actor can possibly last more than a few years at the rate he is growing now. Two are all she is counting on.

Until he signed his Metro contract last month, Jackie Cooper had never earned money of any great importance. He made his big hit in "Skippy" at practically an extra's pay.

The fifty thousand dollars a year he will earn now seems like a considerable sum of money for a small boy. But every penny that his mother can possibly save of it is going to be put away safely for Jackie Cooper's future—the future a worried young woman dreamed of hopelessly for her baby when she stood behind the counter of a struggling little music shop, waiting on customers, until a few weeks before he was born.

Chic Sale—the Actor Who's Never Himself

(*Continued from page 42*)

discourse on the indomitable old veteran's history that left the usually urbane Starr pop-eyed with amazement. Chic *knows* his characters.

Not the Same on the Screen

HE hates it when people say that he is doing in pictures the same thing that brought him such fame on the stage. "They're different creations entirely," he protests. "And even if they weren't, why should they be criticized? Has Roscoe Ates been criticized for stuttering in pictures? Yet he did that for years on the stage. And isn't Jolson the same in pictures as he is on the stage? And Will Rogers? Anybody who has established a certain type of stuff is bound to go on using it—it's the tools of his trade. The variations are what is important. And certainly I'm varying my material. The only thing that *Gran'pa Summerill* has in common with *Lem Putt* is that they're both old men!"

His favorite actors are Will Rogers and Charlie Chaplin. He says: "Folks often compare me with Will Rogers. Gosh, there's no comparison at all! He is always playing himself, Will Rogers. I never am Chic Sale. I'm always a character—always somebody else. I never could be just Chic Sale. I can do a love scene as somebody else, but I'd just die trying to do it as myself."

He is painfully nervous. The entertainer of millions of people, his years on the stage have not done away with his shyness in personal contacts. He avoids banquets and personal appearances as he would a plague. He is perhaps the least "actorish" person in all the theatrical business.

He says: "If I could only express myself more fully—bust out, give 'em the works, get it all off my chest—I'd be better off. But I can't. I get all tied up except when I'm doing a characterization. I suffer from all sorts of embarrassments and nervousness. And as a result I have just about the worst case of stomach trouble in the world."

Converted to California

HE never drinks or smokes—the stomach trouble sees to that. He is just now recovering from an operation on his beleaguered mid-section. Extremely wealthy, he owns one moderate-priced car, which he drives himself. He invariably wears a cap, and wants to live in California all of the time—"no blizzards!" He always plays American characters, never those of any other country.

He wears dark blue suits and made-up black bow ties. He looks rather like a small-town undertaker. He moves about continually and nervously in sudden spurts of animation. His hair is black and parted at the side of his head. He is gray at the temples. With "The Specialist" he wrote a book that has outsold all others of modern times. It is now in its second million!

Of it he says: "'The Specialist' was successful because nobody could say it was dirty in any word, line or page. A little bit indelicate, maybe, but that's all. Actually it is just a building talk—nothing more."

That little book—copy of a monologue that Chic had had on tap for years—brought him to the attention of everybody, including film magnates. He broke into the talkies, by way of shorts. One of the first—probably on purpose—was called "The County Seat."

Despite his air of simplicity and naïveté, Chic is a shrewd and competent business man in a way almost unknown in the theatrical world. He has an office in a line of bungalows which he owns on Dix Street in Hollywood. It is a small cottage, vine-clad and white-painted, but it houses one of the world's best-running organizations for the gathering of shekels. Desks, steel filing cabinets and typewriters fill the main room, presided over by Roy James, who for several years has been Chic's business manager and confidential secretary. There is a smaller room, similarly equipped, for Chic's private conferences.

Some of His Friends

THE only personal note there (aside from a line of miniature out-houses along the mantelpiece) is in the framed photographs of Chic's friends that cover the walls. They are of O. O. McIntyre, another country boy who made good in the city; Ben Bernie, the orchestra leader; Bud Fisher, the creator of *Mutt* and *Jeff*; actors, fighters, writers, cartoonists—stand-outs in all lines of professional endeavor—the class of that big-time world to which this mild, smiling man so rightfully belongs.

In this curious office are conducted Sale's multitudinous business affairs. Here is the headquarters of The Specialist Publishing Company, handling those phenomenal sellers, "The Specialist" and "I'll Tell You Why." Here the actor's extensive realty holdings are administered. And here works Chic's staff of writers, each skilled in the Sale idiom and manner.

Chic takes an active leadership in all writing intended to appear under his name. It would be impossible for him to do it all personally. One man, for instance, is preparing the scripts for the short films in which he is currently appearing. (The features are being handled by the Warners' studio staff.) Another is working on the libretto for his next Broadway show, a sequel to the Shubert offerings in which he has appeared during recent seasons. Still another writer is working up a series of radio broadcasts, which Chic presently will deliver for a commercial firm.

It's a thriving, going concern, and all sprung from a country boy's facility for mimicking—and re-creating—the small-town characters he encountered during his rural boyhood.

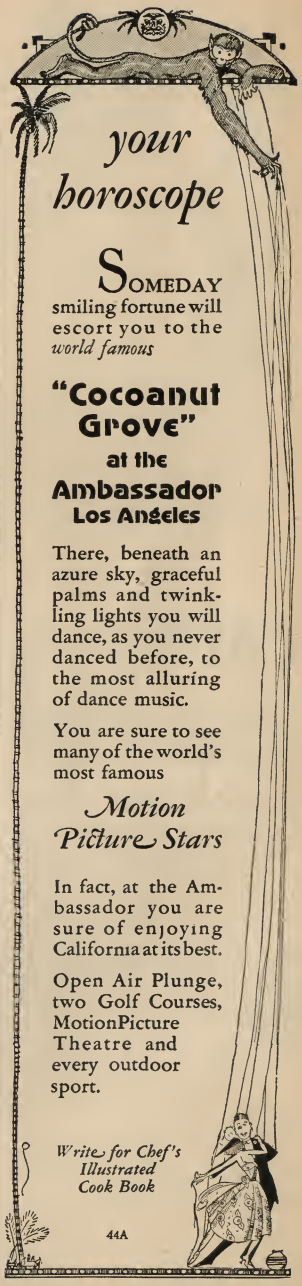
His Aim in Life

HE says: "Folks don't like exaggeration, and I'll tell you why. When you make fun of a person, you hurt his feelings, and you make the folks around you uncomfortable. I aim to offend nobody, at any time, in any way. As long as you're entertaining, as long as you can make people laugh without making them uncomfortable, you're sure to get ahead."

In the musical comedy, "Monte Cristo, Jr.," he originated the since-famous term "wisecrack." He has a sister—Virginia Sale—who has furnished the comedy for many pictures. He is married, happily, and believes in keeping that portion of his life to himself. He abhors sophistication, and sophisticated types of entertainment. He goes to sleep during smart society dramas.

He leans back in his chair when he talks, settling it at the same angle his rural friends adjust a cracker box in front of a country store. He puts his thumbs inside his belt, his heels on the rungs, and grins happily.

He has found one real character in Hollywood who delights him, an old clock-maker to whom he took his giant clock, a gift of the Rotary Clubs of America, to have it electrically wired. The old fellow refused the job on the grounds that electricity is just a passing fad—and that he didn't want to ruin "a right prutty clock." Look for an old-time clock-maker in Chic's impersonations someday.



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The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

Gwen McCormack, daughter of Count **John,** is **Maureen's** bosom girl chum. . . . **Elissa Landi** returns from England with her step-father and mother, **Count** and **Countess Zanardi Landi. . . . Ann Harding** has a secretary and fiction aspirations. . . . **Irene Dunne** at Pebble Beach crashes the hole-in-one club, and the golf balls and ginger ale are on the house. **Phillips Holmes** is all bliss and smiles because he is directed by **Ernst Lubitsch.** And **Ernst** (Love Parade) **Lubitsch** has lost twenty-five pounds by diet, which pleases **Ona Munson** who won't admit their engagement—yet. . . . **Oscar** (Composer) **Straus** is not of the Waltz King family, please understand. He spells it with a single "s". . . . **Mrs. Richard Arlen (Joby Ralston)** does her own ironing, sometimes, and wears a nifty suit with yellow shorts in which to do it. . . . When **Ernest Bachrach,** Radio's portrait photographer, yells "Duck the knob!" **Lily Damita, Ivan Lebedeff** and **Dolores Del Rio** lower their heads. They know artists' argot when they hear it. . . . **Pete,** the Roach comedy dog, rides to his studio in a milk-white coupé, **George O'Brien** in an emerald green touring car and **Charlie Farrell** in a buttercup-colored cabriolet. Malibu beach is no longer the exclusive place to tear apart a week-end. Ensenada, five miles north as the gull flies, is smarter. **Charlie Farrell** and now **Janet Gaynor Peck** are building there. . . . **Roscoe Ates** and his stutter entertain the veterans at Sawtelle once a week. . . .

If you don't get an autographed picture immediately from **Jackie Cooper,** there is no need to fret. Your letter has probably been sent to **Jack Cooper,** press-agent, at Warner Brothers-First National, and he's gnashing his teeth about it. Life has been like that for him since the success of "Skippy." Before then he got letters intended for **Jack Cooper,** old-time Sennett comedian. Mornings he hates to open his mail, dreading to read "Please send me your picture." Some day he's going to do it and see what happens.

There were pretty speeches galore by Wampas Baby Stars at the recent Electrical Pageant of the Fiesta de Los Angeles, but **Frances Dee** presented the niftiest. "This is not a Paramount Picture," cooed Paramount's Baby Star (the other is gentle **Judith Wood**), "but it certainly is the best show in town!"

Frances Dee, incidentally, is the laddies' newest rave. She's going to give our other belles a run for their conquests.

The Thalians, a club of acting youngsters, decided to produce six comedies using its entire membership and any other actors who didn't have much to do that day. They had **Ben Turpin** directing traffic at Hollywood's busiest corner and everything got pretty muddled, including a limousine which mixed in with a wandering street-car. "It couldn't have been an Austin!" growled the Thalians checking over the repair bill.

Despite casualties, production goes merrily on with **Bryan Foy** directing.

Universal is in a quandary. It's something like a tandem, only different. They've signed **Tom Mix** for a serial and find they have no story. To date, according to our conscientious scout, no one has thought of filming his life. That includes a dash of the Boxer Rebellion, a pinch of Boer warfare, cowpunching in Colorado, a firing squad in Mexico, interspersed with days in Kansas and Oklahoma as a sheriff, and a period with the Texas Rangers.

Maybe someone thought it would be too tame after all those gangster films.

There is no truth in the report that **Victor McLaglen's** new five-acre estate, boasting a pheasant run, poultry yards, dove cotes, kennels, a green house and kitchen and flower gardens, will be called Villa Sez-You.

That old land urge has seized another Briton, **Ronald Colman.** He has bought acreage in Northern California where he can repair to play country gentleman.

There's something about owning a plot of ground. I'm going out and buy a potted geranium.

"They tell me you're a scream," says Lawrence Tibbett to Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante. "Do I?" asks Jimmy, playing dumb. "Just listen—"

Let's Get It Straight About Janet Gaynor

(*Continued from page 54*)

and women and their problems, ranging from sex to finance. She knows very few motion picture people intimately, but she is interested in all of them. She likes to hear what So-And-So wore to the latest première and the "inside" story of the divorce of the Dots-And-Dashes. Once, when the talk got around to these modern morals of ours, and the question as to whether or not girls should have "experience" before matrimony, Janet surprised everyone by stating it to be an individual problem to be solved by the individual and not by society.

She Has Her Crushes, Too

WITH husband Lydell Peck and her constant companion, her mother, she attends many picture shows and gets typical fan "crushes" on actors. Her favorites are not, as might be supposed, the dramatic Barthelmess or the dreamy Novarro. She likes Robert Montgomery a lot—and the virile Clark Gable even more. (Clark and she used to be extras together.)

As much as she likes parties, Janet does not like to give them. When her obligations have mounted so that she is chiding herself that she owes "ten thousand people," she handles the situation in a way that will give her the least personal trouble. Because she considers her small beach house too informal for parties, she calls the Cocoanut Grove or the Mayfair or Embassy Club and reserves a table for ten—or fifty.

Her guest list is usually the same: Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, (he's the director), Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell (Virginia Valli), Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray), Paul Bern, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage (he directed "Seventh Heaven") and a few others whom she has known intimately for a long time.

Janet never has a particularly good time at her own parties. The duties of hostess—"seeing that everybody is all right" weighs heavily upon her. Too, as most of her parties are given in public places, she feels a sense of obligation to the onlookers, who seem to expect her to behave like a little girl in her first party dress. Janet has a deep sense of obligation to the people who love and admire her on the screen. She wants to be as they expect her to be. Consequently she is repressed and a little to the ingénue in public. She always autographs fan books.

She Dances a Wicked Hula

BUT at private gatherings, say at the home of Tove and Monte Blue or of Nan and Bill Howard, Janet is often the life of the party. During her many vacations in Honolulu she has learned to strum a rather wicked ukulele and to sing a few native songs. When the boys have adjourned for a smoke after dinner, Janet may even give the girls her version of the way the Hula is done. She looks cuter than thunder, demonstrating the sensuous dance of the Islands. She learned it from a native dancer who used to come up to her beach house in the afternoons and give her lessons.

The Janet Gaynor Peck of to-day is interested in many things that the Janet Gaynor of "Seventh Heaven" ignored. Clothes, for instance. Janet used to dress rather dowdily. A sweater and skirt would do her for almost any occasion. But no longer is this true. Her wardrobe would do credit to any of our "best-dressed women." Where she used to dash in and select a garment from a sports department rack, she now has her clothes made to order by Hollywood's leading designers. She has learned that brown is an extremely effective color with her red hair. Most of her street garments are of this color. She likes lounging pajamas of blue, or yellow. White is her favorite color for evening. In her new finery Janet is more than a pretty little girl. She is an exquisite one.

So much for Janet socially. . . .

Why Directors Fight Over Her

AT work she is a curious mixture of the artist and an indifferent, disinterested onlooker. Most of the Fox directors fight for the privilege of directing Janet in a picture. To them she is an instinctive artist. Frank Borzage once said: "She responds to direction as a sensitive violin responds to the fingers of an artist." Nor is Janet afflicted with that disease of stars—the inclination to try to direct while acting.

She is perfectly willing to place herself entirely in the hands of the man with the megaphone. Yet she is almost critically cold of his results. If the picture is good, she is insistent in crediting the director. If it is bad, or indifferent, she views him with the same eyes as the hard-boiled critics.

She has an odd way of referring to herself on the screen merely as "Gaynor." Charlie Farrell is "Farrell." "Gaynor does this," she will say, "Farrell says that. And then we cut."

She argues about her own pictures in a detached way, as she might argue about Greta Garbo's or Joan Crawford's. If a picture is good, she is frank in admitting it without that giggling false modesty that characterizes so many stars. If it is not so good, she is equally frank, without attempting to spare herself. "It's not the world's greatest picture," she may say, "but it's box-office and that's what counts." I believe Janet would rather make a good box-office picture that would bring heavy returns to her employers than the greatest artistic success in the world.

Her Severest Critic

SHE and Lydell Peck were divided in opinion concerning one of her newest films. The picture had received glowing tribute from the press and was scoring at the box-office. Most stars accept this as a badge of glory. The average Hollywood husband would seize such an occasion to laud his wife. But Lydell thought the picture was "bum."

"I don't care what the critics say," he argued one night at dinner. "It isn't a good picture, Janet isn't particularly hot in it, and it is full of hokum." These would be death words between most Hollywood couples. Janet merely giggled. "Well, as long as it holds up at the box office. . . ."

She is one of the few celebrated human beings who will stand for "suggestion."—a little more lip rouge, a dash of a tilt to her hat, a new way to pronounce a word, the right sentiment to put on a gift card.

She wants men to like her not as a "little girl," but as an attractive young woman. When she is in the mood, she flirts a little bit (this usually consists of dancing with some male guest *twice* in the same evening—nothing more devilish than that).

Without knowing anything about it, the world has done considerable gossiping about Janet's marriage—as to whether or not she and Lydell Peck are happy. That is something only Janet and Lydell really know. But to all outward appearances they are contented and deeply companionable.

Lydell does not treat Janet like a spoiled child. He treats her like a human being.

They don't hold hands in public or have themselves photographed kissing.

They *do* respect each other's opinions, their individuality and other important things. When Janet is very, very tired, she crawls into Lydell's lap and goes to sleep. She affectionately calls him "Pecky."

This is Janet . . . to-day.

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Heading for Stardom—for the Second Time

(*Continued from page 27*)

lady in screen history. She was sixteen.

Broadway producers, who know an actress when they see one (which Hollywood producers sometimes don't), flocked to her with stage contracts—and she accepted. From that time until her recent arrival on the Coast, she was continuously on Broadway. She appeared in many plays, some good and some bad, culminating in George Kelly's fine "Philip Goes Forth." In this, M-G-M officials saw her, persuaded her to make a camera test—and here she is.

A new leading lady was wanted for Ramon Novarro, who has enjoyed the cinematic favor of most of the local hired help. Director Feyder saw Madge's test and said, "That's the girl!" But her engagement with "Philip Goes Forth" had two weeks more to run. Nothing daunted, the director started the picture without her, and for two weeks shot scenes in which she did not appear.

Nothing Slow About Madge

WITH her play finished, Madge took a 'plane to Los Angeles. She must have put on her make-up en route, for upon landing she was rushed at once to the studio, equipped with costumes (the wardrobe department had figured her measurements from the screen test!), and hurried to a waiting set. They worked until late that night, and only then was Madge shown to the apartment that the studio had rented for her. Yet at nine o'clock the next morning she was made-up and waiting, with her day's lines learned, when work was resumed! Since then she hasn't had a weekday off.

When critics first glimpsed her in "Son of India," they called her "a sweet young thing, and more believable than most." In "Sporting Blood" she not only took the attention of the male half of the audience away from Clark Gable, but proved she could be a bit worldly. In neither "Guilty Hands" nor "West of Broadway" did she have the leading feminine rôle—after all, a girl mustn't go to the top too fast!—but the critics noticed her just the same. And so did you. And so did rival producers.

Fox borrowed her to play opposite their own Great Lover—Charles Farrell—in "Heartbreak." And immediately after that, United Artists wanted her to substitute for Carole Lombard, who couldn't finish a picture at Paramount in time to be in "The Greeks Had a Word for It." When other studios start to borrow a newcomer from the studio that has her under contract, any bets that she is going to be a winner are perfectly safe.

Like Constance Bennett, Madge is one of those deceptive blondes whose appearance of fragility belies their strength. She drives and rides and swims. Unlike Connie, she is not languorous; she has to be doing something every minute, and there's a breeze when she walks by. Like Garbo, she has eyelashes long enough for a gymnast to do acrobatics on.

Work is nothing new to Madge Evans (which is her real name, by the way). She has worked all her life and thinks that she always will. She doesn't know what she would do with herself otherwise. Yet work, to her, is only a part of life, and not the beginning and end of all things. Her career is important—but so is the prospect of love, marriage, and a home.

She puts it this way: "After all, we all hit a peak in this business, and no matter what we do, there must then be a decline. If we haven't something else to occupy us then, what a dreadful place the world is going to be!

"I haven't any wish for stardom—yet. It's a dreadful battle, and unless one is equipped for it, fatal. At the top, one may hope for five years of favor—and then, if he has been fortunate and worked hard, there may be a successful struggle for another five years. I'm not ready, just yet, for that fight."

To be with her a few hours, however, is to realize how long people *can* last in this picture business. Men constantly are coming up and saying, "You used to ride on my knee back in Fort Lee." (Fort Lee, New Jersey, where most pictures were once made.) "No wonder I like to ride horseback!" she says. "I seem to have spent most of my childhood riding on people's knees!"

Her Accent Bothers Her

SHE has a secret despair—and that is her accent. The daughter of English parents, she happened to be born in America by only a slight margin. Growing up in the United States, she was influenced both by her childhood friends and her parents, until now she speaks with a mixture of English and American accents. "I try continually to sound more American," she says. "I'm tired of having people lift an eyebrow with the implication that I'm trying to put on the Ritz."

Through her conversation runs a continual vein of wit. She always has a fund of remarks like: "If only I'd had the horse's part in 'Sporting Blood,' what a star I'd be!" She's always kidding herself—and you'd never get the idea from her that it's a bit unusual for a young prodigy to turn into a talented adult.

She thinks Garbo is all to the good, but she can't imagine Madge Evans taking herself that seriously. She considers Norma Shearer technically the finest actress on the screen, contending that Norma knows how to manage her hands and voice and body in a manner that most of the screen girls can't even approach.

Madge prefers dark clothes, black and dark blues. (Her eyes are blue.) And these must be either tailored outfits, sports clothes or evening gowns. No afternoon frocks, no trailing chiffons, no feathers or frills for her.

She reads continually, running to books rather than magazines. Among the semi-classics, she leans somewhat to Dickens; and among the moderns, to Ernest Hemingway. But she's broad-minded about them all. This reading habit—which also marks her as a bit unusual in Hollywood—was developed by hundreds of hours of stage waits that she has experienced. And how did she get educated if she has been acting ever since she was six? She had private tutors.

She lives with her mother in a charming house on Fountain Avenue in West Hollywood. She is not married—and to date she has not been a victim of Hollywood romance rumors.

However, she may have reason to expect them—for she says: "There is small sense in trying to keep free from emotional entanglements. Girls are foolish who say that they will keep all the men out of their lives until they get their careers established."

She doesn't think that picture and stage work are to be compared at all. To her, they are entirely different mediums, with entirely different requirements and techniques. Of course, the completeness with which she has succeeded in both ought to prove her wrong. But who's going to argue with a girl who lifts her chin like that when she laughs?

Why I Married Bill Powell

(*Continued from page 59*)

who would prey upon softness. Bill was the first man to penetrate her disguise.

Afraid Bill Would Be Jealous

SHE was afraid at first that she and Bill wouldn't get along. They were too different. She was afraid he would be the jealous type. He sorta acted that way. But he persisted and she surrendered, dear. . . .

They wanted to be married quietly, with just the families. Carole thinks Hollywood weddings are in your eye, with cameras parked among the prayer books and things. And, too, Paramount to whom she was, and is, under contract was acting a bit cantankerous about the marriage—like a disapproving parent. They didn't want to give the girl a honeymoon. They didn't want this ascending and potential star to marry at all. Carole said, "No honeymoon, no work." She honeymooned.

The wedding started out to be private. It also started out to be rather comic. When the ring part of the ceremony arrived, for instance, *Bill couldn't locate the proper finger for the ring.* (No one has ever heard this particular bit of bathos before, so you may consider yourselves in on the nuptials.) After he had tried a couple of thumbs and forefingers, Carole burst right out laughing. She laughed out loud at the very altar. She couldn't help it. She thrust the legal digit in his face and said, between gasps, "*This* finger, dear!"

As you know, Carole didn't wear the bridal white. She wore a blue afternoon gown and Bill's wedding gift—a perfect *platter* of a pin, composed of two star sapphires surrounded by diamonds. It would protect her from a machine gun in a front-line trench in any old war! The sapphires, by the way, are the color of Carole's eyes. Maybe you think that didn't occur to Bill!

How the Wedding Ended

DURING the ceremony, jittery enough for Bill as it was, the Press began to ooze in through the doors and windows and floors, as the Press will. And instantly began to telephone descriptions of the bride and groom to their various sheets before the minister had come to the "I pronounce you man and wife!" In fact, Carole admits now that she isn't quite certain he ever did get to that point, what with her uncontrollable mirth and the assiduities of the Press. She hopes for the best.

Among the Press were some omnipresent photographers. One, a weary, harassed-looking lad was especially insistent that they pose for him. They didn't want to, and said so. The lad finally broke down all over the place and confessed that he had just come from Santa Monica, where he had photographed another bride and groom, *believing them to be Carole and Bill.* If that isn't a laugh I never heard one. Here's a youth who wouldn't know *Garbo* if he stumbled across her taking a sun bath.

After the excitement, the laughs and the surprise party of the Barthelmesses, Brooks, Torrences, et al, they were off for Honolulu. Carole was impressed with the people there. They were so *kind*, she says. She thinks the trouble with most of us is that we never take the time to be kind to people. Even when we have the time, we take it for other purposes. I have a hunch that life has been a little niggardly with Carole so far as kindness goes. There is nothing soft and blahish about the beauty of Carole. She is no Pollyanna.

When the Bill Powells came back, they found that Mother Peters (Carole was born Carol Jane Peters) had rented a house for them in Beverly Hills. And that they were all moved in, including the colored man who has served Bill so expertly and for so long. They love it. They're as happy as two youngsters.

She Likes Her New Rôle

CAROLE is finding out that she is domestically inclined—more so than she ever dreamed she would be. She's glad that Bill persuaded her they should have a house, instead of an apartment. She loves to order meals, to count the laundry, to market, to arrange flowers, most of all to see their friends enjoying themselves in their home. And she is a swell cook, if she does say so, which she does. And Bill is "pathetic." He hasn't had a house of his own for so long that he can't get over it. He goes about patting chairs and lamps and things and saying, "Now, *this* is a cute piece, don't you think?"

As a husband of "many" months, Carole says, he is NOT suave, sophisticated and polished. He is no *Philo Vance* except—*except* when it comes to detecting the things she wants, the things that will make her comfortable and happy, the little tendernesses and considerations precious to all feminine hearts. In all such matters, his wife says, he would put *Philo Vance, Sherlock Holmes* and all of Scotland Yard to shame and confusion. He has second sight where she is concerned. With each week of married life this conjugal clairvoyance deepens and intensifies, rather than abates. He is so thoughtful and unselfish that Carole is "divinely happy. I didn't know there could be such happiness as I am having now. I'll never forget it, not one instant of it, so long as I live on this earth." Mind you, this is the *wife's* story, not the sweetheart's.

Bill as a Real-Life Lover

BILL writes her little notes almost every day of their lives. Tender little notes. Humorous little notes. On her bridal bouquet, for instance, she found this little billet: "Dear Miss Lombard, will you kindly see that these reach the future Mrs. Powell and that she wears them?"

She says, this old, old married woman, "I think he is the handsomest man in the world." And Bill isn't jealous. Not one bit. In fact, they kid about things like that. Bill says, "So-and-so kinda on the make for you to-day, eh, mama?" And Carole retorts in kind.

"The whole explanation of our marriage and our happiness," says Carole, "is that *we understand one another.* We took time to do it—eight months of going together, every available moment. And where there is understanding, there is no possibility of *mis*understanding. How can there be? I can't see the sense in these so-called modern-marriage pacts, talking things over, planning what one will do in this or that emergency, making charts of emotions. After all, emotional matters cannot be charted. If there is perfect understanding between two people, what *is* there to plan about? Bill and I do, and intend to do, what we feel like doing, where and with whom. *But*—we both know what the other feels like doing, and why. That's all there is to it."

Carole loves her young step-son (William Powell, Jr.) and says, happily, that Bill is mad about him. She hopes, some day, to have children of her own. After two or three years more of work, she'll be perfectly content to stop being Carole Lombard in order to be Mrs. William Powell and the mother of Bill's children. She wants two, a boy and a girl.

This is the Bride's story—and I believe she'll stick to it.

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Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 84*)

Secrets of a Secretary—Claudette Colbert has some more misadventures on the fringe of society. Besides Claudette, you'll like newcomers Herbert Marshall and Georges Metaxa (Par.).

Secret Service—As the title would lead you to believe, Richard Dix is again involved in mystery and thrills. And, as usual, he's convincing (RKO).

Shanghaied Love—Love, mutiny and two-fisted battles on a tramp steamer, with Richard Cromwell, Sally Blane and Noah Beery the principals. If you like blood-and-thunder yarns, here's a good one (Col.).

Side Show—Winnie Lightner substitutes for an entire troupe of circus "freaks" and does some real acting, as well as some excellent clowning (W. B.).

The Sidewalks of New York—As a wealthy landlord who attempts to collect his rents, himself, in a tough tenement district, Buster Keaton shows you a riot of slapstick comedy (M-G-M).

Silence—Clive Brook is intensely real in acting out the story of a man who is silently going to the electric chair for another man's crime (Par.).

Smart Woman—With the help of Edward Everett Horton, Mary Astor gets her husband back from a gold-digger. It wouldn't be much without the amusing antics of Horton (RKO).

The Smiling Lieutenant—Maurice Chevalier and director Ernst Lubitsch have turned out another rollicking satire of sex and royalty, with a dash of gay music (Par.).

The Spider—A murder takes place in a theater while magician Edmund Lowe is holding forth on the stage. By some suspenseful tricks, he discovers the murderer (Fox).

The Squaw Man—Cecil de Mille makes a strong talkie of the picture that he twice made in silents. Warner Baxter is excellent as the exiled Englishman who "marries" an Indian girl, and Lupe Velez is even better as the tragic squaw (M-G-M).

The Star Witness—The first film to disclose how gangland might touch you and you and you. A law-abiding family, who witness a gang murder, are all cowed into silence—except Grandpa, played magnificently by Chic Sale (W. B.).

Street Scene—A picture that compresses all life, all types of people, and all types of emotion into a single city block. It will hold you spellbound; it will tear your heart out. And you won't forget Sylvia Sidney (U. A.).

The Struggle—D. W. Griffith has made a simple, powerful picture of life among the downtrodden masses. The excellent cast—headed by Zita Johann of the stage—is all the more believable for being unfamiliar to film fans (U. A.).

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise—A lost lady finally finds herself in a none-too-new story—and Greta Garbo and Clark Gable become the newest great love team (M-G-M).

This Modern Age—Perhaps to prove that she has outgrown this sort of thing, Joan Crawford almost dances her way to destruction just once more (M-G-M).

Transatlantic—Wanted by the police, Edmund Lowe boards an ocean liner—and there's mystery and excitement all the way across. Unusual (Fox).

Traveling Husbands—Evelyn Brent and Constance Cummings more or less have a duel over that much-neglected figure of fiction, the traveling salesman. Slight (RKO).

The Unholy Garden—Heroism and villainy in a bleak North African outpost, with Ronald Colman again treating the fans to a thriller (U. A.).

Waterloo Bridge—A tragic love story, involving a young soldier and a girl of the London streets, beautifully played by Kent Douglass and Mae Clarke. One of the year's best pictures (Univ.).

West of Broadway—John Gilbert returns from the War a disillusioned man, drinks himself into marriage with Lois Moran, and doesn't try to make the best of his bargain. An unsympathetic rôle for our John (M-G-M).

We Three—A moving little story of domestic life, with Ben Lyon and Rose Hobart very real. Juliette Compton assists (F. N.).

Wicked—Elissa Landi has more than her share of sorrow as a young prison mother who has her baby taken from her and, upon her release, kidnaps her child from the foster parents. Very, very heavy (Fox).

Women Go On Forever—Clara Kimball Young, dramatic favorite of silent days, returns to the screen in the surprise rôle of a landlady of a dramatic boarding-house (Tiffany).

It Isn't the Luck of the Irish— IT'S PAT O'BRIEN

(*Continued from page 70*)

week room on 90th Street. Expenses were shared by Spencer Tracy, a boyhood pal. They tossed a single coin now and then to find out which was the hungrier.

Along Came a Break—and Love

FINALLY, in Atlanta, he got his break—a telegram from producer Jed Harris, asking him to join the "Broadway" company in Chicago. "Broadway" again, by heck. And LOVE . . .

He fell in love with Eloise Taylor the instant he clapped his Irish-blue eyes on her brilliant brown ones. He had never been marriage-minded before. But he had been in love? Don't be funny. He's Irish, isn't he? Eloise also joined the road company of "Broadway" somewhere along the route. It doesn't matter where. Love can happen in Kansas City as passionately as on the beach at Waikiki. She walked onto the stage and—"she was lovely-looking then, as she is now—you will pardon the ravings of a bridegroom," he said.

Pat said to himself, "Well, here she is. *This is it.*" It was. It took him one week to sell himself to her. It took them three years to achieve matrimony. Eloise resembles Evelyn Brent. She's dark and lustrous-skinned. She'd like to work in pictures and is up for two or three parts. I recommend her. But more than anything else, she'd like to have twins. She wants a boy and girl and has the names already picked—Pat and Patricia. Cute? Pat's father was a twin, so they have biology with them.

They were married out here, soon after Pat arrived. Howard Hughes, producer of "The Front Page," paid for the transportation of the bride. They live in a smallish, rented Spanish house on the wrong side of the tracks. They drive a small car. They keep one maid. They save their money. They read good books. They love music and go to the "Symphonies Under The Stars" in the Hollywood Bowl. A season ticket to same has been "our one extravagance."

Inside Dope on "Front Page"

PAT thinks Lewis Milestone, who directed "All Quiet" and "The Front Page," is the Genius of the town. To prove his point, he tells about the engaging of Adolphe Menjou for the part of the editor in "The Front Page." Milestone—or "Milly" as he is called—came to each member of the cast after the tragic death of Louis Wolheim and said, "What do you think of Menjou for Wolheim's part?" "Lousy," said Walter Catlett; "Rotten," said Pat. "Nevertheless," said Milly, "*Menjou plays the part.*"

A few days elapsed. The cast of "The Front Page" was assembled on the floor of the studio, shooting craps. A voice barked over Pat's shoulder. It said, "Hand 'em over, baby, and give me a shot at the beauties," or words to that effect. You know, the way one rough guy talks to another. Pat looked up. It was, to his amazement, the usually elegant Adolphe—his hat tipped over, shirt open at the collar, hands unmanicured. Something happened right then and there. To a man, the cast knew that Milly had been right again. Menjou was their man. Inside dope like that is amusing.

The highest-paid actor in the cast was Edward Everett Horton, who played the part of the natty and somewhat precious reporter who was forever gargling. He worked for five thousand a week. Said Everett: "It's murder—it's thievery—but I get it!"

Something else funny—when Pat was engaged by Howard Hughes to play in "The Front Page," it was believed that he had played the rôle of *Hildy Johnson* in the road company back East. Not so. *He played the part that Menjou played in the picture.* After he'd been asked a hundred times what *Hildy* did here, and here and here, he confessed he'd never played the blighted part.

Milly had seen him as *Curly* in "The Up and Up" on the New York stage and had played a hunch again. Lots of things have happened to Pat between then and now. He's the happeningest Irishman! Anyway, the first big part was *Curly* in "The Up and Up"—and then the part of *Maxim* in William Bolitho's sensitive war play, "Overture." And, finally, a midnight 'phone call from Hollywood—from Howard Hughes, via Lewis Milestone, via Gilbert Miller, to whom Pat was under contract. Howard Hughes had bought "The Front Page" and he wanted Pat O'Brien. That's how it all happened. And that's how Howard Hughes happened to import Eloise Taylor. He couldn't have a drooping lover as *Hildy Johnson.*

His Only Bad Movie Break

PAT has had one real tragedy since he has been in Hollywood. He loves that rôle of *Curly.* Every actor has one part more precious to him than his own heart beats. Chaplin and *Napoleon,* for instance. But Pat had DONE *Curly.* He loved him like a blood brother, longed beyond all other things to play him on the screen. Universal bought "The Up and Up" and Pat was up and up again for the part. He was slated. He got out the old dog-eared script and handled it tenderly. He talked it over with Eloise. They were jubilant. He'd change this a bit here, add something there—but *Curly,* that swell, idealistic mug of a *Curly,* would reach the screen at last.

And Pat would be *Curly.* Junior Laemmle talked to him about it. The director talked to him about it. His agent discussed it with him. It looked all set. And then—came Universal with the condition that he could play *Curly* IF he would sign a five-year contract with them. He turned that down. Within the day Ricardo Cortez was signed for the part and Pat O'Brien's Irish heart has a crack in it as big as the Panama Canal. (The screen version is called "Reckless Living.")

Not Sure He Likes Hollywood

PAT doesn't know whether he likes Hollywood or not. He hasn't been here long enough to decide. He thinks he would rather build his permanent home in Great Neck, Long Island, where most of the stage actors live. He goes to parties at Matt Moore's house. He thinks Clark Gable is a swell actor. "Tremendous," he calls him. But Walter Huston is the finest all-around actor in town, says Pat.

He thinks his part in "Consolation Marriage" is the best thing he has done on the screen so far. He is working at Metro now in a musical comedy called "Flying High." He thinks Jimmy Walker (Manhattan's Mayor) is a swell egg, and that goes for William (Stage) Boyd, too. Pat can talk any dialect you demand. He won seventy-five dollars, shooting craps, the other night—and handed the wad over to the Little Woman for lunch and a new dress. That's Pat. He added, "I'll get it back; though."

There are two important things in Pat O'Brien's life—his wife and his work, in that order. He is a normal mug about them both. You can't call a dark and beautiful lady a mug. But if you could, I'd say that the Pats are the *two normalest mugs* I've ever met in Hollywood.

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Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. To Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon, a 5-pound, 14-ounce baby girl was born on that date. They have named her Barbara Bebe.

2. Beatrice Powers and James Kirkwood, who divorced Lila Lee a year ago, were married in Las Vegas, Nevada, September 23, 1931.

3. Billie Dove is the movie star whose dark hair has turned gray very beautifully, making Billie lovelier than ever.

4. Capt. Ben C. Hershfield, who is a motion picture artists' agent, was married to Rita LaRoy recently.

5. Arline Judge is the member of this year's crop of Baby Stars who became engaged to Wesley Ruggles, well-known motion picture director.

6. Ina Claire and John Gilbert who, up until their divorce on August 4, 1931, were not so friendly, attended a dinner party arm in arm and from all appearances are on the best of terms. However, they both admit there's no chance of a reconciliation.

7. Clara Bow, who had so much unfavorable stuff written about herself and who has temporarily retired from the screen, has decided to write her life story in which she promises to tell everything.

8. Eddie Quillan has been seen with Maureen O'Sullivan with such regularity that Hollywood senses a romance.

9. Irving Weinberg, a wealthy broker, has taken Hugh Trevor's place in Betty's affections.

10. Lola Lane became the bride of Lew Ayres September 15, 1931, and they spent their honeymoon in the Jackson's Hole Country in Wyoming.

11. Reports have it that Gloria Swanson married Michael Farmer recently. Gloria denies this, saying her divorce from the Marquis Henri de la Falaise will not be final until November, making it impossible for her to marry until then. However, the persistent rumors say that she was married in some place in the United States where her divorce is recognized as final.

12. A fire in the Harold Lloyd home did considerable damage and the comedian and his family had a narrow escape from the flames.

13. Because he did not like the treatment accorded him in the movie capital, he has returned to New York and is appearing on the stage. Having his name changed from Douglass Montgomery to Kent Douglass was one of the things he resented. It was necessary to change his name because the studio already had one Montgomery (Robert).

14. The divorced wife of Duncan Renaldo has been destitute and has had to take a job as saleslady to support herself and her five-year old son.

15. Of course, you do. Wong Lu Tsong, which when translated becomes Frosted Yellow Willows, is Anna May Wong's Chinese name.

16. Wallace Beery, in the old Biograph days, was a comic female impersonator. Quite a difference from the rough-and-ready rôles he now portrays!

17. Leo Carillo, who gets his breaks because his ancestors helped found the City of the Angels.

18. Colleen Moore, once the highest-paid star of all, is seriously considering coming back to the screen and is talking terms with a number of producers.

19. Mary Pickford is going to become a newspaper columnist. She will do a weekly feature article for the McNaught Syndicate.

20. The lady who is smiling so sweetly is Jeanette MacDonald with her fiancé, Robert G. Ritchie. They are shown in Paris where they went with the hopes of putting a stop to the false rumors circulated in European circles that Jeanette was dead.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

The Ability to Act Natural

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—How we love an actress who will let us look through her make-up, and see that she, too, understands and may have even lived the rôle she is taking. Audiences soon tire of Barrymore gestures, and long to see how they themselves would look in similar circumstances.

For years we have starved for natural acting, and at last our hunger has been satisfied by none other than the adorable Barbara Stanwyck. We hate to say what will happen, producers, if you cast her in a rôle that will change her simple charm. *M. Lippard.*

The Important Thing

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The producers seem bewildered as to what the public wants—gangster plots, Pollyanna stories, sophistication, kid stories. I am not particular as to the *type* of movie I see. What I desire first of all is entertainment. Certain films are possessed of this vital ingredient—entertainment value, and they are always successful—they carry the audience out of itself, make it forget humdrum everyday life for a while. A picture with ever so clever a plot—with intelligent acting and beautiful scenery—without this necessary vitality, will meet with lukewarm approval.

A pathetic story human enough to make us cry, a comedy that will force us to laugh, a mystery that *is* mysterious, thrills that are thrilling—these are what the movie public wants.

We like to be stirred, to forget we are watching a movie, and have no particular preference who does the "stirring"—whether *Skippy*, or *Scorpio*, *Dracula* or *Trader Horn*, just so it is accomplished. *D. H. Chapman.*

Screen Lacks Variety

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Variety is the spice of life. An old saying, but still true, though the producers forget this at times and all get excited over the same type of story.

Some wish to see their own drab lives glorified, some wish to forget their parts in real life and live in fancy the lives portrayed on the screen, some want a good comedy. Others enjoy the "thrillers" and baffling mysteries. Still others enjoy the historic and religious pictures. But everyone wants a little change in his movie fare as well as in the players. The actors and actresses are too classified—that is, they almost always portray the same type. Can't the heroes be villains once in a while? *Betty Howe.*

Which of These Boys Will Be Big Stars Tomorrow?

(*Continued from page 53*)

when Charlie had money for only one pair of shoes, they were the reason for his journey to Labrador in the cast of "The Viking"—a hazardous and therefore well-paid rôle. Since then he has had leads in "Fast and Loose," "The Age for Love," and "Touchdown." If Charlie becomes a big success, even his worst rivals will be glad. He's that kind of chap.

Allen's Making Them Flutter

ALLEN VINCENT has no twins, and no wife. And so far he has done nothing in Hollywood but dazzle all the girls, whether stars or stenographers, who have crossed his path. He's full of high spirits and wisecracks and democracy, in addition to being about the best-looking of all the new youngsters. He's a star already in studio popularity, and when he does reach the screen there ought to be a panic among the sub-deb fans. Allen has already proved he can act, in the Broadway production of "The Vinegar Tree," and now all he needs is a camera and a microphone.

The stage play, "Young Sinners," was the Alma Mater of Gene Raymond and Hardie Albright. Both these blonds have been widely advertised as the original *Gene* in the New York cast of that play, but Gene Raymond was actually the one, though it was Hardie Albright who got the job in the screen version. Hardie played the rôle for three weeks in a second company in Boston, which was enough to convince the Fox executives that they needed him. "Young Sinners," "Hush Money," "Skyline" and "Heartbreak," cover his screen career to date—and the future looks good.

Gene Raymond even got his name from "Young Sinners." He was known as Raymond Guion—his rightful moniker—on the stage, but after negotiations with Paramount began, he had to change it because it was too complicated for the studio help. The doorman called him Guinan and Grunion, until in self-defense he took his first name for his last, and appropriated the first name he had answered to for two years on the stage.

Thus was evolved Gene Raymond, a very sensible and competent young man with gray eyes and a blond pompadour, who played the lead opposite Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid." He seems to be typed as a rich young wastrel, a sort of disgrace to the old folks but a boon to the girls. Gene is not very advanced in years, but he's a good enough actor to survive the disadvantages of youth, if he gets the breaks.

"Dynamic" is the word RKO hopes you'll remember when you think of John Darrow. Poor Johnny spent the best years of his life making "Hell's Angels," and then nobody noticed him much in the picture. But after that ordeal was over, just as he became a mature man of twenty-one, things began to take a turn for the better. RKO signed him on a long-term contract, gave him the lead opposite Betty Compson in "The Lady Refuses," and the boy must have made good. From now on John is to play nothing but leads, and his sponsors even dare to hope he'll be the Lew Ayres of RKO. He's dark, six feet tall, athletic, and very, very dynamic.

Just for contrast RKO also signed up Eric Linden, who made his big impression in "Are These Our Children?" Eric has wavy hair and a baby face that affects some people the way Jackie Coogan's once did. Though he's only twenty, he has had lots of stage experience, including two years with the New York Theater Guild. But this isn't going to do him any good unless a lot of fat juvenile screen rôles are written in the next few years. For Eric belongs among the adolescents, and no amount of acting ability can help him over that hurdle. A time lapse and a beard would do more for his career than anything else.

Two boys whose Paramount contracts have so far been nothing but vacations with pay are John Breeden and Kent Taylor. Both of them have dark wavy hair and we would never attempt to swear which is which. Young Mr. Breeden came from the stage. Young Mr. Taylor was an extra until he was called in to sit in a camera test with Claire (Follies Girl) Dodd. Executives looked and were impressed. And so they both became members of the Paramount family, and for the past four months they've had a nice rest. But John Breeden's private life has been a little more productive. By the time you read this, according to the latest bulletin, John will at least be a papa, even if he's not a screen star.

Tom Douglas, also of Paramount, is just another blond—at this stage of the game. One wonders if he will ever look any older—and that's what makes it so sad. If you want to do your own wondering about this, see him in "The Road to Reno."

Don't forget about Richard Cromwell, who started out with a burst of glory as *Tol'able David* and then was allowed to sink into obscurity for many months. Dick is taking a new lease on life, however, in "Shanghaied Love" and "Fifty Fathoms Deep." If we must have juveniles, please let them all be as nice as Dick.

It's almost impertinent to mention the illustrious Clark Gable as a newcomer, but the fact is that Clark hasn't been attracting attention much longer than some of these boys. His success is a perfect commentary on the handicap of youth. Clark Gable is a sensation because women can sink back in their chairs and say, "Thank God, here is a Man."

Look over these handsome newcomers and see if you can pick the winners—the sensations of tomorrow, the potential Gables.

Nancy, Greta, Marlene and Jean are also Sirens of the Stove

(*Continued from page 80*)

sprinkle with finely-chopped nuts. With a large pair of scissors cut toward the center of the ring, but not quite to the center, at intervals of two inches, lacing the cut section each time flat on the tin, giving a petal-like appearance. When light, bake in a hot oven.

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Stars Who Are Victims of Their Stardom

(*Continued from page 47*)

an ordinary little chap with ordinary likes and dislikes.

John Gilbert must have sickened of it long ago. Report has it that he separated from Leatrice Joy largely because he was everywhere known as The Great Lover and that tradition did not admit of being the father of a family and a slippered husband.

Gable Leads His Own Life

I HAVE an idea that the newcomers to the screen will scrap this legend of tradition. They will not become human sacrifices. They will do what they choose to do in the way they choose to do it. Clark Gable is happily married so far as I know. He does not talk about it. He keeps his private life quiet, so that if ever he wants to change that life he will not have to smash a tradition in order to do so. He doesn't go to parties. He recently traded his swank car for two Fords so that he and his wife might both have cars. He hates swimming-pools and yachts and all the lavish insignia of the stardom of the old régime. These newcomers are individuals and will remain so.

So many of the old-timers were human sacrifices to the public idea of how-a-star-should-behave! Wallace Reid—his wife told me so—might never have gone the way he did go if he had not felt it necessary to be prodigal in every way. Prodigal with time and money, prodigal of himself and his morale. Barbara La Marr might have been with us to-day if she had not lived the front-page life of a sensationalist. It was expected of her, wasn't it? A new lover a week—quite in the tradition of a siren-star, *n'est pas?* Valentino sighed to me one long-ago day: "If only every woman I meet would not expect me to insult her!"

If they had dared to be tradition-smashers, many of these sad obituaries would never have been written.

Lupe Velez is a tradition-smasher. She will be no human sacrifice. In days of yore, Lupe would have had to stick to Gary until sheer boredom drove one of them to murder. She created her own tradition with her "I lof Gar-ee!"—the tradition of a great, if a spectacular love. The public expected her to Live Up To It. Well, she smashed the tradition. She has announced that she is not a one-man woman. She will not be a sacrifice upon an altar where the fire has grown cold.

Nancy, Leslie and Marlene

NANCY CARROLL is a tradition-smasher. Her place in the movie heavens would once have called for a continuance of her first marriage. She was That Type. But Nancy parted from Jack Kirkland—and, as soon as she had her divorce, married Bolton Mallory. Let the public think what it might!

Leslie Howard dared to laugh a fat contract in the face in order to return to England and the kind of a life he wants. He dared to Say Things about Hollywood—things, you understand, not in the sacred tradition.

Marlene Dietrich is a tradition-smasher. She assured me at the very beginning that she would have none of this nonsense—passing herself off as a young girl of eighteen, denying the existence of her child. She smashed the good old-time hooey of the perpetual virgin, the perpetual siren.

The sirens must grow so tired of sirening. The blissfully married couples must be fed to the teeth with perpetual bliss. Young Robert Montgomery tried to duck that tradition by keeping his marriage a secret—so that he and his wife could be blissful or belligerent as they happened to feel at the moment. The Sweet Young Things of the screen must crave to cut loose and be Awful. Imagine, to-day, an eternal GISH! The big he-men like Noah Beery and Charles Bickford would doubtless like to break down and have a good cry. The gently conservative gentlemen of the school of Brook and Colman would probably relish a horrid little sin, just for a change. The Big Sex-Appeal Men like Clark Gable must long to look a woman in the eye and not be given the high-sign.

Lawrence Tibbett has smashed the tradition of home-and-family-forever. Lupe has squashed the tradition of the Great Lof. Leslie Howard has smashed the tradition that Hollywood is the only place to live.

Will Joan and young Doug be able to defeat the sacred tradition of Pickfair? Or does it still prevail: that what you have once started you cannot stop—no matter what it is?

Waiting for the Breaks as the Telephone Rings

(*Continued from page 57*)

Director So-and-So of Such-and-Such Studio is Interested. Not for what, or why, or anything else. But can the anxious player call and find out? He cannot—for at the bottom of the message is printed: "Interested calls are being sent out with the understanding that neither artist nor agent communicate with the studio regarding the Interested calls."

Just imagine the state some actors get in, sitting around and waiting for the telephone to ring, after receiving one of these mysterious and perhaps intensely important messages! Is it any wonder that the Hollywood bootleggers drive Lincolns?

Because of this hyper-sensitivity with which people await rings, a cruel gag has grown up among the younger screen generation. Practical jokers will ring a player they know to be waiting for a call, and ask him to report immediately to the studio. The happy thespian will get himself cleaned up like a new pin, put on his best suit, and radiating personality like a success ad, barge over to the plant—to discover that no one there has sent for him and, to judge from the annoyed looks of the people whom he has bothered, probably never will.

Then there is the studio friend who calls from the lot. "I got an awful jolt this morning," Walter Rogers told me sadly one afternoon. "The 'phone rang—'M-G-M. calling.' Boy, my heart got so far up in my mouth I could hardly answer—but it was only one of the girls who works there, asking me to go on a yachting party."

Yet it seems necessary for screen success that most of those who click must endure this racking suspense. Plenty of switchboard operators recall with what seemingly hopeless persistence, four years ago, a young man named Clark Gable used to call the studios day after day, saying: "All I want is a chance—I'll take anything—extra work—anything."

A recent Hollywood novel, "Spotlight Madness," bears a line about the switchboard operator at the Athletic Club, to the effect that she is "the repository of half the confidences of Hollywood." But she is more than that to such men as Walter Byron, John Holland, Larry Kent and other actors who reside at the club. She is the deity who presides over the oracle, and who

passes on the hoped-for information that another job is coming up. The boys keep her informed of their whereabouts.

The same is true of the desk-clerk at the Y.M.C.A., who is in daily touch with half of the screen troops, when they are not working. Ben Alexander is typical of many others who patronize the Y gymnasium, exercise-seekers ranging all the way from such portly gentlemen as Sam Hardy to small, active ones like James Cagney.

No mention of switchboards may pass without mention of the most important board in the whole business—one for the rings of which eighteen thousand extra people wait anxiously each afternoon. For it is from the Central Casting Bureau that John Extra and Joan Atmosphere now must look for those occasional calls.

Panic reigned on the studio switchboards every afternoon, with thousands calling to ask if there was work for them. The situation became so cumbersome that the Bureau was established, to handle all extra people. And when this innovation was effected, eighteen thousand more people joined the roster of those who are Waiting For the 'Phone to Ring.

Try to keep track of Hollywood Marriages —It Just Can't Be Done!

(*Continued from page 49*)

the exotic Miss Duncan to a curious world, "because of my work. Marriage so often interferes with a career." (How about it, Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich and you other girls with husbands?) "Besides, my husband's work kept him in the East and mine brought me to Hollywood. We just thought it best to keep it a secret."

Mary may have thought it best—but evidently Mr. Wood didn't. It was the "secret" bridegroom, in fact, who spilled the beans. According to all reports, Mr. Wood stated that he wanted his wife to come East to be with him and he didn't care who heard him.

It was only by accident that an enterprising reporter—who knew his movie stars by their real names—discovered that Ann Veronica La Hiff, housewife, was seeking a divorce from John Kirkland, writer, in Nogales, Mexico. Ann Veronica La Hiff, of course, is our own Nancy Carroll. When cornered, Nancy admitted that the reporter was a good detective, but dismissed rumors that she would soon be marrying Bolton Mallory, New York magazine editor.

It was only by accident that another enterprising reporter—this one stationed in a small town in Connecticut—discovered that Nancy Carroll was being quietly (oh, so quietly!) wed to Mr. Mallory. Nancy's friends complained that she hadn't taken even them into her confidence—so the secrecy couldn't have been just a publicity stunt, as some Eastern writers so unkindly suggested.

Is Mary Astor Mrs. Thorne?

IN view of all these secret marriages, can you blame poor old Hollywood for casting a suspicious eye on every new romance and wondering if all these people who "deny all" might not have taken the big step after all? But Hollywood's newest romances, if you please, are remaining just as "secret" as the newest marriages.

Is Mary Astor secretly married to a young and handsome Dr. Thorne?

The town has been asking itself this question for several months now. Mary, herself, says "No"—but the point is, can you believe Mary, or any other movie star, while this epidemic of secrets is on? "How did such an absurd report get started?" Mary wants to know. (Mary Duncan asked the same thing.) "Dr. Thorne and I are merely good friends."

Such good friends, in fact, that they lunch, dine and drive together almost every day. Now, if it breaks shortly that Mary and the doctor are "secretly married," don't say we didn't warn you.

A New York columnist has it down in black and white that Gloria Swanson is already married to Michael Farmer, the wealthy young Briton who squired her about Paris and followed her back to Hollywood. But you don't get that story from Gloria and Mike.

How Good Is Gloria's Alibi?

"OF course, we aren't married! I don't get my final divorce decree until November," scoffs Gloria.

But, Gloria, we've been fooled so often. And in Paris where you met Mike they don't have such pesky things as interlocutory decrees. Also, remember what Clark Gable did? He married Rita Langham before he was quite sure of his divorce—and then, when the papers finally became final, he married the lady all over again. That's one way of doing it.

Gloria's *Ex*, Henri de la Falaise, is equally scoffing about any secret marriage to Constance Bennett. He reminds curious reporters firmly of that final decree that isn't so final until November 7.

And yet it was none other than Joel McCrea who remarked that he wouldn't be a bit surprised if Connie and Hank had journeyed to Paris to be married. (Joel, you remember, used to be Connie's favorite escort on the nights when Hank was working and couldn't take her out.) But Constance and the Marquis still insist it was just a "coincidence" that they happened to travel on the same train and boat to Paris and on the same boat and train back to Hollywood from Paris.

"It's too ridiculous that we were planning to get married," shrugs Constance—and Constance does shrug so well!

Jeanette's Wedding Postponed?

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Robert Ritchie were supposed to have been married last June. But for some reason or other the marriage was postponed. The waiting world wasn't informed of the details.

Jeanette airily explained: "We just decided to wait a while longer. The engagement isn't broken. I'm still wearing Bob's ring." And Mr. Ritchie heartily seconded Jeanette's story. In fact, he did not appear to be the disappointed suitor in the least. It was his attitude that led suspicious old Hollywood to wonder if that marriage had been "postponed," after all. Young men who might be secretly married are never upset about a "postponed wedding." Remember how casually Nick Stuart behaved when Sue Carol broke her "engagement" to him, two weeks after they had been secretly married?

With all these secrets going on, you aren't going to catch Hollywood surprised about anything.

Have director Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson pulled a fast one and slipped away for one of those Yuma or Las Vegas marriages?

Might not Dorothy Mackaill have married Neil Miller before the boat sailed from Honolulu? Dot and Neil had taken out a marriage license on Dot's previous trip. What could have been simpler than tying a secret knot before leaving the Islands?

If you were betting on whether these couples are married or not—as Hollywood is doing these days—which way would *you* place *your* money?

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Only a Bud

I can't see what anyone sees in Buddy Rogers. He's like a fifteen-year-old boy. Tell him to grow a beard so that he will look a bit more grown-up. I do wish he would go home to his mother where he really belongs.

Three cheers for Joe E. Brown.

I. Uggla, London, England

They'll Have Convulsions

That crack about the Marx Brothers roused my ire. What did Melba Markham expect to see—another pie-throwing contest between a bunch of gobs like the one in a late Oakie production? If the new Marx Brothers picture, "Monkey Business," has half as many wisecracks as "Animal Crackers" had, heaven help the audience.

Howard Reed, Long Beach, Cal.

Motion Made and Seconded

I make a motion that Phillips Holmes go jump in a lake and stay there. My mother seconds the motion. This might also go for Helen Chandler and Buster Collier.

Kathryn Sumner, Riverside, Calif.

The New Idol

I took my girl friend to see it, and did she like it? Boy, I'll say she did! Did I have any trouble getting a good-night kiss? Not so you could notice.

The folks went to see it. Dad laughed himself sick and Mom burst a corset cord (I guess that's what you call them).

Who is this new star with his soulful eyes and komical kapers and unique love-making who drives away the blues? One guess! You're right! The new idol of the millions—Mickey Mouse!

F. M., Cleveland, Ohio

Connie Has Wings

I have seen every one of Connie Bennett's pictures, and I admire her acting. I think she is one of the greatest actresses on the screen. Her eyes, hair, and lips are beautiful. Her features are perfect. There isn't any other star like her.

There's only one thing I don't understand.

On the screen, she wears the most extreme dresses on that skinny frame of hers. They are so tight that I sit in fear that she might heave a great sigh, for I know that such a sigh would surely split her dress. Her clothes have no sleeves nor backs. Her arms look like toothpicks; her back has shoulder blades protruding like wings.

I can't understand why—on a mere $30,000 a week—Connie can't get enough square meals to fill up those vacancies she takes pleasure in exposing.

Wauneetha Brummell, Fort Worth, Tex.

Wants a Big Hand for Joan

Say, listen a minute, will you? Who are all of these people who complain about Joan Crawford? All you Crawford fans, why not join me in giving Miss Crawford *such* a big hand that these miserable howlers won't know what it's all about?

Let's have bigger and better Joan Crawford pictures and more of them!

Crawford Fan, Tacoma, Wash.

Give Holmes a Snappy Rôle

I am fed up on seeing Phillips Holmes in such gloomy, morbid pictures as "Confessions of a Co-ed" and "An American Tragedy." I suppose Paramount just had to get the "Tragedy" off its chest, but now that it's over, I would like to suggest that they let Phillips play in something livelier. Another picture like "Her Man" would send Phillips rocketing into stardom. *Ida M. Layne, San Francisco, Cal.*

The Great Garbo Again

Fan conditions have come to a pitiful state when a fan decides to veto the glorious Greta because she wears oxfords and lives alone. My dear B. Brown, what would you have her wear—ice skates? And where live, pray tell—in the M-G-M Commissary? And what, may I ask, has all this got to do with the woman's histrionic rating—than which there is none higher, even if the anti-Garbo crew can't see where we "get that stuff that Greta is great." As philosophers have put it, "All self-evident truths aren't evident to everyone."

What the Garbo private life has to do with her professional existence has always been an unfathomable problem to me. You can't avoid believing in the existence of fans who take more interest in what a player reads and eats than in what she does on the screen, because, unfortunately, there are swarms of them floating about home and theater. Just why they ever go to theaters is another mystery I never hope to see solved. *Richard E. Passmore, Media, Pa.*

A Posy-Picking Cowboy

If there ever was a mechanical cowboy, Tom Tyler takes the cake. The spur-jingling idiot can't ride a mule, let alone a horse. He ought to wear skirts, the old sissy, and go picking posies, too. He should be thrown out of the movies which is what all ham actors deserve. *G. L., Los Angeles, Cal.*

Attaboy!

Give us more pictures like "Cimarron." It was a beauty, a pip, a wow, a—well, you get the idea.

Thea Burke, New York, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Jean Capable of Bigger Things

It's beyond me why some studio official doesn't grab Jean Harlow, strip her of a few of her charms, cast her in a play ideally suited for her and for acting, then set her adrift on the screen? She is too individual to be "typed" always as the possessor of ITsky because she also has ACTsky. There must be any number of good, thrilling tales suited for such a personality. Why drown her forever in nude, come-hither rôles when she is perfectly capable of climbing dramatic heights? Does this seep through? We demand immediate action.

Charles Beardsley, Winton, Calif.

Praise for Norma

Isn't Norma Shearer just too grand for words? After seeing her in "A Free Soul" I say she's the most marvelous and alluring actress today. More power to her! *Jean Harmon.*

Enough of It

I wonder if anyone else is as fed-up on the Crawford-Fairbanks Romance as I am? My Goodness! Are they the only happily married people in Hollywood? What of the Richard Barthelmesses, the Conrad Nagels, the Warner Baxters, the Harold Lloyds, the Neil Hamiltons, and the Hoot Gibsons? I'd like to see some other movie couples get a little publicity for a while, wouldn't you?

And if I see just one more fan letter about the Garbo-Dietrich controversy, I'll SCREAM!

Thelma Fisher, New Philadelphia, O.

Nuts About Gable

I think Clark Gable is taking the movie world by storm! He's marvelous! Handsome and everything a movie fan wants!

But—why on earth can't he ever have a likable part in a picture? He was miscast in "Laughing Sinners"; imagine Gable in a Salvation Army garb!!! He was great in the "Secret Six" but he had a dislikable rôle. He was marvelous as the polished gambler in "A Free Soul" but imagine how the feminine hearts sank when he was shot after doing all that marvelous acting.

In the future let us see Clark taking the male lead. Then watch his rise to stardom!!!

Sue, Pomona, Calif.

Praise for Two Comédiennes

I'd like to see Thelma Todd in a *real* picture—she certainly has the makings of a fine actress. Also: I'd like to make my own personal nomination for America's funniest comédienne—Charlotte Greenwood. More power to her!

H. A. S., Fall City, Wash.

Don't Pick on Rudy?

About Rudy Vallee. What do some of you expect him to be? Everything? A man might be good at a few things but even Santa Claus isn't good so far as his figure is concerned. Rudy's okay and possesses more IT in his voice than Clara Bow hopes to claim.

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